



## COBBETT'S MAGAZINE.

No. 12.]

JANUARY, 1834.

[Vol. II.]

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## CANADA AND EMIGRATION.

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*Inquiries of an Emigrant.* By JOSEPH PICKERING, late of Fenny Stratford, Bucks. E. Wilson, London, 1832, pp. 207.

THIS work, intended as information for persons who are about to emigrate to Canada, is one of the most amusing of the kind that we ever looked into, and one that bears strong marks of veracity and sound judgment. The author introduces himself to his readers as one who was a farmer near Fenny Stratford in 1813, having then a seven-years' lease of a farm, which, instead of bettering his lot, took half his property from him. Being thus half ruined, he quitted his farm and entered another business, which, in a short time, took the remainder of his property, and left him a totally ruined man. In this condition, he resolved to go to the United States, preferring that to Canada, which he had heard was "frozen up one-third of the year, and scorched up the remainder." (pages 7, 8.) He describes his passage to Baltimore, where he landed in December, 1824. From pages 19 to 42, he describes the town of Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, and Albany; their respective neighbourhoods, the people, their manners and customs, but in no new or very interesting manner; his prejudices appear in almost every page, and they seem to have been materially heightened by the circumstance, that while lying about at these places, he was disappointed in favourable news which he had expected from England, and, in spite of continual attempts to settle himself as bailiff, steward, or overlooker on gentlemen's estates, the invariable impediment seems to have been, that he "did not understand the management of blacks." p. 24.

At page 44, the author sets out on his journey for Upper Canada, having been advised by some young men whom he accidentally lodged with at Baltimore, that he would find more certain employment there than in the "States." The whole book is written in the manner of a journal, and it describes his travels in a manner sufficiently particular, without being tedious. In the end of June, he arrives in Canada; and immediately gives vent to his English feelings afresh, now that he is on English ground; he denounces the men of the States as disgustingly egotistical and self-sufficient, which, God knows, if they were not, they would singularly belie the blood of their ancestry. He soon quits this theme, however, and enters upon one more agreeable; and here, at page 61, the book becomes an entertaining, and, as we infer, a true picture of the

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country in all respects whatsoever. Mr. PICKERING pretends not to superior genius. He seems, on the contrary, conscious that he is not an author, and probably his want of vanity causes the excellence which, in his way, he has shown in this little book. We have, in language more than passable, descriptions of thickets which would have hidden even the "melancholy COWLEY" to his heart's content; of prairies that might have satisfied the ill-fated BIRCKBECK, had not vain ambition pursued him to ruin and death; of climate, soil, and natural productions; of towns, villages, and newly-peopled districts; of lakes, rivers, and canals; of the modes of clearing and cultivating, and of the modes of settling, whether for those who possess fortunes ample or scanty, or for those who possess nothing. All these we have described in a journal, beginning in 1824, and ending in 1829. But we will let the author speak for himself the impressions on his mind when he first crossed the borders of Canada:

"A single glance down the banks of the Niagara tells on which side the most efficient government has resided. On the United States' side large towns springing up; the numerous shipping, with piers to protect them in harbour, coaches rattling along the road, and trade evidenced by wagons, carts, and horses, and people on foot, in various directions. On the Canadian side, although in the immediate vicinity, an older settlement, and apparently better land, there are only two or three stores, a tavern or two, a natural harbour without piers, but few vessels, and two temporary landing-places. Farm-houses there are all over the district, nearly one on each farm, and probably the farmers, &c. doing very well. A town cannot be built, as Government retained the land for fortifications. Trade there cannot be much, till the upper part of the province is more settled. Inquired of two Englishmen, who had considerable farms, if they wanted a person to superintend them, or knew of any person who did; but no, every person looks after his own business in this country. The land is a stiffish black earth, on a rock several feet under the surface: it is excellent for wheat, clover, and grass, and is chiefly settled and owned by Dutch from the States."

Late in July, he sat out on his way to Talbot settlement, there to take a lot of Government land. This settlement derives its name from a Colonel TALBOT, who appears to be a Government officer of Canada, and who has a large tract of land in the province. It is on the Lake Erie, and will presently be described by our author; whose description of the route he is taking, beginning with p. 62, is so well worth reading, that we shall insert it as a specimen of the simple and interesting manner in which he describes the scenery of this country. We shall not be able to do justice, perhaps, to Mr. PICKERING's book by extracting from it, because our limits are necessarily restricted; but, as our main object is to aid the views of those who have resolved on the adventurous step of emigration, that they may do so with the greatest certainty of success, we shall principally quote and observe upon, those parts of the book which treat of the method of emigrating, the places most likely to suit the different sorts of emigrants, and the manner of turning to best account the means, whether in money, in handicraft, or in mere bodily sinew, which the emigrant carries with him. To give this information is, indeed, a signal benefit to those who propose to themselves to take the step, and, as we have never seen it done in a manner so full, and at the same time so concise, as in this little work, these are our reasons for mentioning it



with praise in this Magazine. All who would emigrate to a foreign land, should read, nay study, the writings of those who have emigrated; for no one knows till he has felt it, how surely discontent and bitter remorse prey upon those who transplant their bodies to a foreign land before their minds are prepared for the change. To any one who has quitted his country already, we need not address this caution, but to every such person we appeal to attest the truth of the observation, that there is a melancholy retrospect of one's own land, friends, and even foes; of customs and habits, of climate and seasons, sure to break in upon every mind that has to experience daily and hourly a change of country. Transplanting a man with all his early-acquired notions, and all his attachments fresh in his memory, is like transplanting a tree with the sap circulating in its head—the leaves *must* die, the branches often die, and the trunk itself *may* die. To be prepared for emigration, a man should know that he is to encounter a change in every thing, a something quite different (often opposite) to every thing that has hitherto met his eye or his ear every day of his life. It is a *thorough change*, in short; and such change no one can duly imagine who has not already felt. The author in various places of his book, describes his feelings on this score; but, as we have given an introduction to the subject which we shall mainly dwell on, and have said enough to awaken attention to the preparation necessary, we will now give an extract descriptive of the country, from page 62.

“ July 24.—Left the above farmer, who had treated me friendly, and wished me to call on him, and make his house my home, whenever convenient. Travelled up the Lake beach, in company with a man from the Talbot settlement, whither I am proceeding to take up a lot of Government land. Good walking along the white sandy beach, except in a few places round points of land where it is rocky (some of it lime stone), or rough with coarse gravel. Travelled thirty-one miles to-day, and stopped at a miserable log tavern to sleep; my companion having remained behind at a farmer's to make some shoes. This part of the province is settled chiefly by Dutch, most of them a sturdy, old-fashioned, and honest race of people; high sand-banks back the beach, covered with pines, juniper, and other evergreen trees and shrubs. Behind these sand-banks are marshes and swamps in some places; in others, and behind the swamps, is a rich black soil on a limestone rock; and in places a considerable quantity of loose stones are scattered over the surface. It has evidently been overflowed, at some remote period, by the lake. Saw a woman washing on the beach, her family of small children playing around, and rolling on the sand; her husband looking after the yoke of oxen, that had drawn down on a sled the washing-tub and pot to boil the clothes in, &c. This is a common way in dry seasons, when good soft water is not to be had near home. I passed a remarkably peaked hill to-day, in the form of a sugar-loaf, which name it bears; it is covered with timber to its very top. It is a good sea-mark for sailors on the lake. Some of the people about here have a half Indian appearance; dirty habits; sallow, thin visages, and meanly dressed; living in the woods, surrounded by swamps, they are half hunter and half farmer.”

At page 66, he arrives at the house of a working farmer, who wished to engage him to remain a twelvemonth as a help on his farm, and who, in consideration, is to let him have a *third* of the produce of his farm, on which he was going to sow 40 acres of wheat, and expected to reap 1000 bushels, besides other grain. This offer, which would appear a liberal one for a man now almost a destitute wanderer, our author de-

clined; but, in pages 67, 68, 69, he tells us that he was making his way to Colonel TALBOT's, to whom he was recommended, and he gives a narrative of the incidents of his journey thither. In page 70, he tells us of his arrival at Col. TALBOT's, and that, as his foreman or overseer was just going to leave, he (Mr. PICKERING) was offered and took the place. He eulogizes the climate, says the summer is like one of the hottest in England; and in the following page gives a description of the Colonel's estate, which we cannot omit:

" August 16.—Rain all day, with the wheat and oats yet in the field for want of hands, the harvest in the neighbourhood being nearly all finished for the year. " The Colonel has about 150 sheep, shut up in a pen at night to preserve them from the wolves (this is not done in old settlements); they are of various breeds, some with and some without horns. Twenty-five milch cows; four yoke of oxen broken in, besides one yoke killed this fall; fifty or sixty head of young cattle, which run in the woods all the summer; twenty-three weanling calves; four horses of the nag kind, with uncut long tails, the only sort in this country, and are generally pretty good, but want a little more blood; four sows and a number of store pigs, which also get their living in the woods through the summer, and during the winter, when there are plenty of nuts and acorns. Fattened forty-two hogs this fall in an open pen, with peas given them on the ground, and water in troughs, in about eight weeks. Filled thirty-five barrels of 200 lbs. each with them; worth about 3*l.* 3*s.* per barrel. There are some good hogs a few miles from the Colonel's, yet the Berkshire breed would be an acquisition, as also Leicester sheep. Cows appear to be suited to the woods, with a middle-sized carcass, and horns not very long. All their stock might be improved by proper selections. A few good blood stallions, and two or three large cart horses, would probably pay for importing. Colonel Talbot has a garden pretty well stocked with shrubs, fruit trees, &c., in better order than most in America, yet not like a good common one in England. There are cherries, plums, apricots, peaches, nectarines, gooseberries, currants, &c., also water or musk melons, and cucumbers, fine and plenty—cabbages and other vegetables thrive very well. A patch of Swedish turnips (or ruta-baga) of a good size, notwithstanding the dry season. A few hills of hops at one corner of the garden looked remarkably well; they are gathered at the beginning of September. There are also a few bunches of English cowslips, but none wild in the woods. There is a species of violet in the fields, with less fragrance than the English ones. The Colonel has likewise extensive orchards; some of the fruit fine, yet the great proportion are raised from apple-kernels, and remain ungrafted; although they bear well, their fruit is small and inferior to those grafted, except for cider. A great portion were suffered to hang too long on the trees, until the frosts came and spoiled them. The beautiful little humming-birds are numerous this season. Sowed wheat from the beginning to the end of September, and a little in October. A large flock of wild turkeys seen near the woods, and came to the farm-yard, where the men shot several of them; one weighed 15 lbs. after being picked. There are plenty in the woods, of the same breed as the tame black turkey, and excellent eating. Cut the 'corn' about the 20th of September, which was much eaten by the raccoons and black squirrels, which are extraordinarily numerous, troublesome, and destructive, from the scarcity of nuts and mast in the woods this season."

Under the date of January 1, in page 77, he describes the pleasantness of the Canadian winter: colder than that of England, far colder and longer, but incomparably more healthy and mirthful; and in page 82, we collect that the summer is not earlier than the summers of England, for under the date of April 22, he says: " This last week has been cold, and the spring is later than usual; fields hardly look green yet. Spring wheat just coming up only, having been three weeks in the ground."

Going on to page 84, on "*May 13*," we have, "a warm growing week: thermometer 65 this morning, at noon 81. Vegetation is now rapid, and the woods begin to assume the livery of spring." The spring, therefore, is not earlier than in England, but later than one of our earliest. It is, in short, much the same as the spring of the neighbourhood of New York. In page 89, he gives an account of the prices of wool, and the manner of disposing of it, or turning it into useful commodity. He mentions the curious circumstance incidental to America, that sheep never have those pestilential complaints, the scab, maggot, or rot. In the same page he states that, on cutting Col. TALBOT's crop of wheat, they found it so large a one as to yield *thirty bushels per acre*; no bad proof of great inherent richness of land, or of good tilth. It is difficult, in a work put together in the shape of a journal, to collect, under separate heads, the various information given, else we should collect together the account scattered here and there in this work, of crops, wages, &c. As it is, we can do so but partially. The subject of wages will be found mentioned in pages 66, 80, and 88. In the first, he says:

"Every person busy getting the harvest in; good hands for cradling the grain in request, 3s. 4d. in cash, or 4s. 6d. in trade, with board, per day; there is but little advance of wages given on harvest from other times. Up to the present time almost every payment has been made in trade—that is an exchange of articles of grain, cattle, or goods from the store (shop)."

In pages 80 and 88, we find thrashers and yearly servants paid as follows:

"When flail thrashing is hired, the thrasher gets one tenth and his board; and as the dryness of the climate makes it thrash well, one man often thrashes from eight to twelve, or even fifteen bushels in a day. Millers are allowed by law, for grinding, one-twelfth, it has been one-tenth I am told; but some wisacres, who thought it was not enough, petitioned for one-twelfth!"

"Two young men, just arrived from England, came and hired themselves to the Colonel at forty-five shillings per month, to live in the house and to work on the farm."

In page 104, and under the date of "*Nov. 1*," the author tells us, that he leaves the service of Colonel TALBOT, having been with him little more than a twelvemonth. The same reason which makes it a propensity with us to wish to know the precise character of other authors whom we read, makes it also our propensity to seek a knowledge of the precise and particular circumstances of a writing traveller. In both, we wish to know from what sort of man we are receiving advice, information, or instruction; we wish for all the means of deciding for ourselves, whether they are such as we would derive our advice or our information from; and therefore, and particularly in travellers of Mr. PICKERING's description, we ought to have an intimate knowledge of the circumstances, the views, and probable motives of the man. Our author opened well, by letting us into his history in England, and he told us frankly of his ruined circumstances while in America; but from the time of his entering Canada, and refusing the offer of the working farmer, he breathes not a word concerning his own prosperity. He remains a year and more with the Colonel; he then travels to Lake Superior and back; he takes another tour the same way, and he finally comes down from Lake Ontario to

Quebec, and thence to England by way of Ireland in 1829, having been absent five years, and only one and a little more in the service of any master, at least, as far as we learn. The omission that we have to complain of is, therefore, that the author did not, when he left the Colonel, treat us with some of the frankness with which he introduced himself to us. However, such as we find him we must take him, and we are not inclined to dispute his identity or veracity on account of the omission. Under the date of 1 Nov. he gives an excellent description of a settler and his house, into which he was invited at night as he was journeying to York, on Lake Ontario. He thus describes the log-house :

" The settlers in the woods appear to be the most independent and contented people, in their way, I ever met with ; perhaps with only a log-house unplastered, containing two rooms, one above and one below, sometimes only one below, with large open fire-place and a log fire. The chimney back and hearth built of stone picked up about the farm ; a boarded floor unplanned, perhaps hewed only, if too far from a saw-mill ; one or two small glass sash-windows, and sometimes, at first, none ; doors and gates with wooden hooks and hinges. A few articles of common household utensils, two spinning-wheels—one for flax and one for wool, with reaves of spun yarn hung round the inside of the house on wooden pegs driven into the logs ; an upright churn (women always milk the cows and churn) ; a gun, or rifle ; one, two, or more dogs ; an oven out of doors at a little distance from the house, sometimes built of clay only, at others of brick or stones, often placed on the stump of a tree near the house, and a shed covered over with bark of a tree, or slabs to keep dry ; a yoke of oxen, some young steers, two or three cows, eight or ten sheep, perhaps a horse or a ' span ; ' a sleigh wagon, plough and harrow, the latter, perhaps, with wooden teeth, form all their riches except the land, and they often raise 100 or 200 bushels of wheat, 30 or 100 of corn, some oats, peas, and perhaps buck wheat, and a patch of flax, and fatten three or four hogs, and a cow, or yoke of oxen, in a season, besides seven or eight more store pigs, and a sow or two. But those who brought property with them, or were fortunate in having a large family of sons, industrious, and keep from the tavern, perhaps have got a good frame-house, or, at all events, a good frame-barn, 30 or 100 acres of land cleared ; grow 400 to 600 or more bushels of wheat ; other things in proportion, with two or three yoke of oxen, eight or ten to more cows, twelve to twenty or thirty fat hogs, two to five horses (half of them or more brood mares), &c. At the age of twenty-one the sons generally leave their parents, if not before, and probably marry, and either buy a cleared farm, or go into the bush, or new wild land ; the last they will do without regret or hesitation ; indeed, some prefer it on account of cattle doing so well through the summer in the woods, and the great crops new land produces ; and, as to the trouble of clearing it, a native would generally rather do it than fallow the same quantity of ground."

In pages 65, and 158 to 161, we have a description of the method usually adopted of clearing timber and underwood off from the land which the settler means to bring under cultivation ; but as we have given many extracts already, and propose to give two or three more, we cannot spare the room for these passages, and will therefore give a mere summary of them. He begins by " girdling " the timber trees (the brushwood not being very thick), an operation performed by cutting a ring round the tree about a foot above the earth, and sufficiently deep to pare off the bark completely. This prevents the rising of the sap, the tree dies the next spring, and the leaves do not come out ; then, as the trees generally stand pretty far apart, the plough goes in amongst them, the sun penetrates sufficiently to fertilize the soil, and to ripen the crops that are sown under the dead trees even in the very first summer. Before doing this, how-



ever, the settler *clears* effectually a space sufficiently large for a log-hut, a cow-house, and an out-building or two; the timber cut upon the site chosen for these, when chopped into logs, serves for the building material; the neighbours are always ready to help to raise this building for the new comer, and they are as invariably dexterous in the work; the tops and lops are burned on the spot, and serve as manure for the ground round about the house; and the common run of land in Upper Canada has heart in it sufficient for growing a first crop of potatoes or corn without either manuring or even ploughing, and it is observed, that on the cleared spots white or Dutch clover springs up spontaneously in the course of a year or two after the first clearing and cropping. The author remarks, that a general meeting for giving help to a new comer is called a "*bee*," and that, for four or five shillings' worth of whiskey and something to eat, a house may be built, four or five acres of wood cleared, land sowed, or what not, the neighbours finding the company during the day and the frolic at night, after the "*bee*," a full recompense for the labours performed. He recommends the settler to choose his lot where there is plenty of good rail timber, such as oak, hickory, ash, cedar, chestnut, cherry, &c. &c.; and he might also add, that as the neighbourhood of these trees is a sure indication of good soil, that also should be an inducement to him to pitch his tent where these are found.

Page 162, and the three following, are written to combat the notion that a farm cannot be carried on in America (Canada) to a profit, if all the labour be hired. The author, in the outset of this subject, says, "I have sometimes heard it asserted in *this* country that a farm cannot be cultivated to a profit in America," &c. Before we give the extract, which we shall do at full length, we must inquire the reason of the pronoun "*this*" used as above. Where was the author when he wrote this book, or this part of it? He professes to be in Canada, and but a few pages back (157), under date of "*May 1, 1829*," he speaks of the "*variety of timber in this country*," certainly meaning Canada. The jealousy which is generally felt against the accounts from new settlements, is grounded on such lamentable experience of the mischiefs occasioned by attending to the accounts of interested persons, that no author who writes on the subject ought to feel offended at the most scrupulous examination of his work. We have before expressed our disappointment that Mr. PICKERING does not give us a more particular detail of his own circumstances, his rise and his prospects, in the new sphere of life which he has gone into, in the same manner that he stated to us the broken fortunes that made him resolve on emigration. We wish not to suspect him, and we do not suspect him; but we confess that we should have our misgivings if we had not found his account of Upper Canada fully confirmed by accounts of Englishmen of intelligence and wealth, who have gone from the finest parts of England to settle upon the very spots that Mr. PICKERING's book particularly refers to, the borders of Lake Erie. The pronoun "*this*" is unaccountable, as he uses it. He is evidently speaking of England, and by his words he makes himself appear to be in England; yet he is professing to be in Canada. It may, to be sure, be a typographical error; it may be the effect of careless writing; but if not, there is a little deception in it.

The account of a year's outgoings on a farm, seventy acres of which

are arable, and the account of the income from the same, together with the account of the first purchase of the land as well as of the necessary stock, will be interesting to those who propose to emigrate with money. The author enters into particulars, and it is to be presumed that the prices of the different things are not exaggerated either way. The result is, that, upon a farm of 200 acres, with 70 acres of cleared ground, the farmer hiring labour throughout the year, may clear a sum of 45*l.*, all expenses paid. Considering that the original cost of the farm is not to be more than 180*l.* this is pretty well. We cannot dispute nor question any of the prices or probable prices in the estimate of this farm; but the author has not allowed for casualties. He reckons, for instance, that 20 sheep will bring twenty lambs, and that each lamb will be worth one dollar, and that each will bring a fleece also worth a dollar. This *may* be, too, but it seldom *is*; and for our own parts, we do not put much faith in such calculations as this. It is not in nature that the hogs, the cows, and the sheep, should go on multiplying infallibly, the first by 15 and the two latter by 2 every year, or even for one year. We never see such things in experience; so that it is a little flattery, to set down 30 store pigs from two sows, and 20 lambs from 20 ewes. There is a passage in page 81 which is enough of itself to warn the calculator; namely, "Wolves last night bit a calf's tail off, and otherwise lacerated it." But there are so many accidents to which these animals are subject during a whole year, that it is really "reckoning chickens before they are hatched," to count upon the multiplication in this way. Let the statement, however, be read, for it contains information, even for the casual reader:

"I have sometimes heard it asserted in this country, that a farm cannot be cultivated to a profit in America, if the whole of the labour done on it be hired; which, I am confident, is erroneous. That some are not, in the way they are managed, I readily admit; but that, under judicious management, it cannot be — my little experience convinces me of the contrary. To make it intelligible, I will state the whole hired expenses, and the value of the produce of a small farm, for a year; and if it can be proved that a profit, however small, may be made on the cultivation of seventy acres only, of cleared land, when the labour is all hired, it will appear evident that a worthy farmer and two or three sons doing all, or only part of this work, must be improving his circumstances, and that a larger farm may be managed to a proportionate profit. A farm of good land can be purchased on or about Talbot-street, or almost any where in the western part of the province, and the back settlements of the middle parts, at from 2½ dollars (11*s.* 3*d.*) to 5 dollars (22*s.* 6*d.*) per acre; and at but a moderate advance, exclusive of buildings, according to situation, &c., in any part of the province. I have calculated the statement in dollars at 4*s.* 6*d.* sterling.

"A farm of 200 acres; 70 cleared; with a good log, or small frame-house, or barn, and a young orchard, &c.; 200 acres, say at 4 dollars, or 18*s.* per acre, 360 dollars, or 180*l.*; — 100 dollars, or 22*l.* 10*s.* paid down as part of the purchase, and 22*l.* 10*s.* yearly, and interest until paid, of the remainder. A person with 260*l.* may settle very comfortably on such a farm, and cover all necessary outgoings; and the following items would be required:—

	Dollars,
"As stock, &c., two yoke of oxen, one well broken yoke, 45 dollars; one	
"yoke of steers, unbroken, 35 dollars.....	80
"Three ox chains, 12 dollars; two yokes, 3 dollars; sledge, 5 dollars .....	20
"A horse (or brood mare) to ride, go to mill, &c., plough between potatoes,	
"corn, &c. ....	50

Dollars.

Brought forward .....	150
" Light Jersey wagon, second-hand (a new one would be 65 dollars), with " spring seat, both for pleasure and profit, 50 dollars; harness 10 dollars; " and saddle 15 dollars .....	75
" Two ploughs, 18 dollars; harrows, 6 dollars; two axes, 5 dollars; hoes, " &c., 3 dollars .....	32
" Six cows, at 15 dollars each; six calves and heifers, at 5 dollars each .....	120
" Two sows, 6 dollars; thirty store pigs at 1 dollar each .....	36
" Twenty sheep, at 1¼ dollar each .....	25
" Geese, fowls, &c., 5 dollars .....	5
" Household Furniture—three beds and bedding, 50 dollars; tables, 10 dol- " lars; crockery, 10 dollars; pots and kettles, 10 dollars; clock, 15 " dollars; common chairs, 4 dollar each; painted Windsor ones, one to " two dollars each, say 10 dollars .....	117
The first deposit towards payment of farm .....	100
	<hr/>
	148l. 10s, or 660

*" One Year's Outgoings and Expenses.*

" Girdling ten acres of woods, clearing out the underbrush and fern, 5 dollars " per acre .....	50
" Seed wheat for the same (1½ bushel per acre), at ¾ dollar per bushel .....	9
" Sowing and harrowing of ditto .....	5
" Ten acres of wheat sown after peas, ploughing, 2 dollars per acre .....	20
" Seed as above, 9 dollars; sowing and harrowing, 5 dollars .....	14
" Cradling and binding the 20 acres, at 1½ dollar per acre .....	30
" Carting and stacking, 23 dollars .....	23
" Thrashing 360 bushels, at one-tenth of a dollar .....	27
" Suppose ten acres of clover sown the year before with oats at 7 lbs. per " acre (often only 3 or 4 lbs. sown) .....	8
" Mowing first crop early clover for hay, ¾ dollar per acre; getting together, " 1 dollar (it wanting no making), and hauling together, 1¼ dollar....	35
" Mowing the second crop for seed, &c. ....	35
" Thrashing the seed, two bushels produce per acre, at 1 dollar per bushel ..	20
" Ten acres ploughed for peas, 2 dollars per acre (often done for 1½ dollar); " seed for ditto, three bushels (generally only two), at ¾ dollar per " bushel .....	35
" Sowing and harrowing, 5 dollars; thrashing 50 bushels, 5 dollars .....	8
[ " The remainder, 150, give to hogs in the straw, unthrashed, if the straw " be not good for sheep and cattle ( <i>i. e.</i> not got well); but if good, I would " recommend it being given to the sheep, lightly thrashed, as the very best " food to be had here for them, and which they are very fond of.]	
" Four acres of oats for calves, sheep, milch cows and horse, the seed three " bushels per acre, at ¾ dollar per bushel, 3 dollars; ploughing, &c., 10 " dollars .....	13
" Six acres corn ploughing twice, 18 dollars; planting and harrowing, 4 dol- " lars; two hoeings, 9 dollars; ploughing between the rows, 2 dollars; " husking, &c., 12 dollars; hauling and thrashing, and seed, 10 " dollars .....	65
" Eight acres in Timothy or other grass, for hay, mowing and stacking, as for " clover .....	24
" Twelve acres in sheep pasture.	



	Dollars.
Brought forward .....	421
" Two acres for potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables for house " (chiefly), sheep, calves, &c.; hiring a stout boy at 5 dollars per month, " and board for a year, to attend cattle, milk, &c. ....	100
" To the above expenses may be added one year's interest of the purchase- " money, yet unpaid; being 6 per cent. on 700 dollars.....	42
" Total .....	563

*" Produce of the 70 Acres.*

" Twenty acres of wheat at 13 bushels per acre (sometimes thirty), at $\frac{1}{4}$ dol- " lar per bushel .....	270
" Ten acres of clover seed, at two bushels per acre, and 7 dollars per bushel	140
" Six acres of Indian corn, 25 bushels per acre, 150 bushels, at $\frac{1}{2}$ dollar.....	75
" Thirty store pigs (for fattening next season) .....	30
" Thirty fat hogs, weighing, at least, 200 lbs. each (or one barrel), thirty " barrels, at 12 dollars per barrel .....	360
" Six cows, butter and cheese for summer .....	60
" A yoke of fat oxen, 60 dollars (besides a cow or two killed for the house)...	60
" Twenty lambs, 20 dollars; and twenty fleeces of wool, 20 dollars.....	40
" Geese, feathers, eggs, fowls, &c. ....	10
" One year's farm produce .....	1045
" Ditto Expenses .....	563
" Surplus .....	482

" With the beef and vegetables allowed above, 232 dollars will keep a family of four or five persons during the year, leaving a clear profit of 200 dollars, or 45/, besides the improvement of the farm; and if hemp or tobacco were made part of the productions, the profits, probably, would be larger. No one that is well acquainted with Canada, will, I think, say that I have made a partial statement. Some may think I have stated the number of fat hogs, on so small a farm, in one season, too high, as there are but a very few farmers that fatten so many. I allow there are not many; yet as there are some that do, and as I have allowed sufficient grain for the purpose, if there be any nuts at all in the woods, that objection, of course, falls to the ground."

Thus far we have given our author's description of the country, of the manners and ways of the settlers, of the first operations in settling, and of the probable results of farming to a certain extent. We have also stated what is his account of wages, and of the prospects of working people who go to Canada, and we will wind this up by giving his account of the sale by auction of the farm and stock of a man who had made his property in a few years by his own exertions. The author vouches that any man may do the same by care and industry, and, as it is a practical illustration of successful exertion, we think the extract worth the reading, but more especially as it comes in well after the lengthy and more speculative account which we have quoted just above. The narrative we here insert is from page 128; under the date "*Feb. 23,*" and is as follows:

" Attended a vendue, or auction sale of farming stock lately, for which a credit of ten months was given, and the payment to be in wheat at the market price at the time of payment. The sale was conducted in much the same manner as an English country auction, with this peculiarity, that every time a person gives a

“ bidding, he is offered the bottle of whiskey to drink, besides its free and constant circulation through the whole company. A neighbour acts as auctioneer, paying for a license 4s. 6d. for a year. On account of credit being given, things went off much higher than they otherwise would have done. A small aged horse, 11l. 7s. 6d.; cows, from 3l. to 5l. 5s.; a yoke of oxen, 16l. 8s.; sheep, from 6s. 9d. to 14s. 9d. each, with their wool on; a wooden clock, 3l. 16s. This man's circumstance and progress may be stated as a criterion of the success of steady industrious settlers in general. He, with several others of the family, came into Canada seven years ago, from the United States, with little or no property besides a bed, and a few other things, of small value. After working out a while to procure a cow, and some necessary articles, he drew fifty acres of land of Colonel Talbot, to clear the road, and settled on it, where he continued to this period steady and industrious. He has sold his land now at 123l. 15s., and the proceeds of the auction sale, 108l.—together 231l. 15s. sterling. But there are too many that love idleness and the tavern more than is consistent with much prosperity; still, idlers are despised. I have not chosen this man's experience as the most successful, but what any may attain with industry and prudence; for those who had a family of boys, and drew 200 acres of land, and worked on it with equal perseverance, have probably doubled the above amount. The sugar harvest now begins, which is not so promising as last year.”

We have now gone through the book, and have given as much of it as we can afford to give; but the reader for information, should be informed that there is an Appendix which contains a great deal that he will find useful to him even before he quits his own country. We have here, first, some general observations on the provinces of Canada and their Government. Then comes an account of the taxes, in which we find that on a farm of 200 acres, the owner pays not more than 7s. 6d. yearly; that, in short, the taxes are almost nominal. Then come accounts of religious institutions, laws, roads and bridges, Government notice for granting land, and then some very pertinent advice as to the method of emigrating, whether by way of New York or Quebec, whether from London or Liverpool, and in what way to choose the ship, captain, berth, and provisions, at what rate to pay, and how to get on board and get off again without being mangled by the sharks who ply round the vessels at both ends of her voyage in the shape of runners to the offices for embarking and disembarking; and further, there is an account of the best method of transmitting money. For these particulars, the reader should read also a letter prefixed to the book, dated from Talbot, in March, 1832, wherein the author gives information in addition to what he had written before.

In dismissing this little work, we recommend it strongly to the emigrant whose steps are bent towards Canada; because the account here given concerns precisely that part of the province of Upper Canada which is agreed by all to be the most likely to suit an English settler, we mean the banks of Erie and Ontario. An intelligent traveller, Mr. MELLISH, of Philadelphia, has given an account of Upper Canada, or, rather, of this part of it, in his “*Geographical Description of the United States*,” at p. 428, in these words: “The part of the province which stretches between the lakes, lying between the 42nd and 45th degree of north latitude, is by far the most valuable, and enjoys a comparatively temperate climate, the winters being generally as mild as at Philadelphia. The banks of Lake Erie and of the Niagara River, between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, are beautiful, and will, in all probability, become a thickly-settled country, to which, and to the adjoining States, the inhabitants of the lower provinces will be chiefly indebted

" for their trade. Agriculture is pretty well understood, and the produce is abundant. A good deal of domestic manufacture is carried on, and there are some carding machines, and a few coarse woollens are made." But the emigrant should read the letter of the Watsons, working people who were sent out by the parish of Sedlescomb, in Sussex, to Canada, in the year 1819, and who write letters periodically to their friends in England, describing their condition on landing at St. John's, their progress into the interior of the country, in which they make an inland voyage not much less in number of miles than that across the Atlantic, and far more perilous and wearisome, till they ultimately settle in the State of Indiana in the United States. These people, be it observed, travelled through the Canadas to the States; they appear to have been most kindly treated wherever they went; but they had to choose between Canada and the United States, and they made up their minds to prefer the latter, after an experience of the former. These interesting letters are published in "*Cobbett's Emigrants' Guide*," pages 45 to 63, and every labouring emigrant should read them.

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### THE LISTENER.

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ALTHOUGH nothing can be more contemptible nor dangerous in society than a listener at the chinks and crevices of doors, and peepers through key-holes\* and other apertures, yet there is a listener of a far different class and character, whose tranquil habits and self-possession never induce him to make mischief by bearing garbled tales and collecting scandal, but who listens to improve, and gleans to learn the book of man, that daily page, which offers instruction and gives experience; *un homme qui sait écouter*, the man who knows how to listen is more likely to be a wise man, than he who discourses promiscuously and much; and, to speak in more homely language, "a still tongue makes a wise head," or rather *vice versa*; and lastly, there is much politeness and much to be gained from it. When we give ear to a talented person we may gain instruction by his discourse; and if we even listen to a vain, loquacious person, we make friends with him by so doing, and avoid loss of time and strife by not mingling in the flow of words, nor combating opinions without a hope to alter them. We will now proceed to state a discourse, heard as a third person; the scene being Paris; the dramatis personæ a peer of the realm, and the eldest son of one overwhelmed in difficulties, and abroad, like so many of our countrymen, from this motive. The elder lord was a friend of the viscount's family (if a dandy can be called a friend), and acquainted

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\* This peeping through key-holes is not so safe as curious and inquisitive people may think. A case occurred the other day of a person, who had long been watching through a key-hole, losing the sight of one eye from a cold stream of air passing into it.

with the latter from childhood, and visited France partly from fashion and partly from a wish to see how Lord Arlington was going on, and, if possible, to gain him over from the reform and popular side in politics to conservatism, in which case something might be done for him, and thereby his debts might be put in train of payment. Lord Newstead was a peer of the old school, but not of the oldest blood in the country; yet was he a confirmed aristocrat, and when he supported the cause of that aristocracy he spoke with the real warmth of a novice: young members of a body are always most jealous of its dignity, honour, and prerogative—these sit easily upon old hands. Lord Newstead was also not only most attentive to external appearance, but he had pretensions to wit, which his inferiors encouraged in him, and he was a dab at saying smart things, having a certain tact which passed for talent; he had, above all, a great mixture of easy and consequential manners, which answered his purpose admirably, and made him seem, to little people, all that he was not—for there is a pride in assumed humility and false condescension far above the haughtiest reserve; and it is like the pseudo jewel, bright, valueless, and imposing—he had, likewise, a thorough-going kind of small talk, which amused without matter, and raised a laugh without wit, or, what is better, the cheerfulness and good-humour of the heart. But it is now time to introduce him in form, folding doors being thrown open, and a page announcing his name. “Ah! Arly, (a familiar abbreviation for Arlington used in his boyhood,) Ah! Arly,” which words were accompanied by a courtly smile, long practised for the entrance of a saloon; “you look well, and yet you *do not*,” (laying much emphasis on the negative) “you are somewhat paler than usual:” then stretching out his hand—“What a time it is since we were first acquainted! I believe it is about a quarter of a century.” “It is more, my good lord,” replied the Viscount. “Well, faith, I believe so too: I saw you in your cradle, and a sweet chubby infant you were: the women almost kissed you to death. I suppose you have paid them back pretty well since, hey! hey!” (throwing himself on a sofa in a graceful attitude, crossing the right leg above the left, and looking at his small feet, closely case'd in morocco boots.) “I know that I used to envy you some of those kisses sweet in your childish years; but how, my dear boy, does the world use you? or rather, how do you use yourself?” (a little pointedly.) “Ill enough, my lord,” said Arlington; “but pray how is my father? and” (the crimson of sensibility diffusing itself over his countenance) “I do not ask that question as undutiful sons do, to calculate the chance of succession, but I ask it in sincerity; I love my father, whatever he may think, or whatever his conduct may be towards me.” Lord Newstead—“Well, well, my child, that is very prettily said: it is in the best possible feeling, and my lord shall know it.” (There was no intercourse between father and son, except money affairs through an agent.) “But actually, how do you get on?” “My lord, I do not complain.” “Good, good again. Then, by Jove, you are better off than anybody I know; for we all complain, great” (adjusting his cravat, and glancing upwards in a mirror), “and small” (looking downwards, as if on the people), “we all grumble, and I do not know for what: the times, they say—why the times are just what they always were—we have rich and poor, and they shift about like puppets in a show; the

rich make themselves poor, and some of the poorest and basest of the canaille rise to riches and power: they talk of national poverty, and I see more expense and luxury than ever: the green-house plants at Lady Lofty's first party would keep half a score of half-pay subalterns for a twelvemonth." [How much obliged his Majesty's half-pay must be to Lord Newstead for holding them so cheap!] Lord N. now struck his boot with his riding whip smartly and repeatedly, partly to recover his breath, and partly to beat time to the measure of his wit: "hard times," resumed he; "a scarcity and a stagnation in the currency—all a fudge—people are as extravagant as ever, and *it is* the people (laying an emphasis on the last noun of multitude), the middle and lower ranks, I mean, and yet they complain; and why? because your tailor and your boot-maker must have their claret and vin de grave, and send their clumsy daughters to be polished off in France, with harp-masters and dancing-masters at home. Scarcely the lowest mechanic, if he is successful, will now be content with humble port: shoe-blacks now build palaces, and bum-bailiffs go about in their cabriolets. I have no patience with the fellows for talking of national bankruptcy and hard times." "I know, my lord," interrupted the Viscount Arlington, "that you never had any patience with the people; but I have. I love my fellow men of all ranks." "I know you do, my dear Arly: you love your neighbour as yourself, and your neighbour's wife better. Ha! my boy (laughing in a quality key), you were very popular in your neighbourhood, and some said that you were even *populous*: it is a rare breeding country where my brother peer lives. I understand that you have had a great many miniatures taken of yourself—strong likenesses. Yes (with a sneer), you love the people with a witness." "My lord, I cannot consider the people as you do," replied the Viscount; "they are more enlightened than formerly, and the march of intellect has opened their eyes as to existing abuses." Lord Newstead—"Enlightened, my child, a fiddlestick's end. Yes, the lamp-lighter can enlighten us; but what good can he do us?—none. And as for the march of intellect, I think the people are grown as mad as a March hare" (waiting a moment for applause). Lord Arlington afforded him a languid smile; my lips refused that office; whilst even the smile in question seemed like damning with faint praise: and as their opinions did not agree, the Viscount changed the conversation by—"Pray, my dear lord, how is my uncle?" "He is quite well, but another grumbletonian. He has four wild, expensive sons, who vex him mightily. He complains that they shoot up so tall, that they are getting above him; and that, like his lordship's trees, which have nothing else to do but to grow, they are becoming enormous, and impede his *views* (a smile). Hey, Arly, some other folks, too, spoil certain people's prospects, don't they?" (rubbing his forehead, as if there was something in that.) Lord Arlington resumed, "And how is my maternal uncle, the general? I am told that he is quite an altered man; that he has changed his politics, given up his bigotry, and is become a latitudinarian." Lord Newstead—"A latitudinarian! by all that is pretty, his sons think that he is a *longitudinarian*, there is no coming to the end of him" (another faint smile). "And Lady Rosa Bellamy?" "She is still Lady Rosa, in a high state of preservation. Like some of the perennials of her green-house, or



rather, like the last rose in summer, all blooming alone, time has not materially altered the features of her face; and I fear that it will still less change those of her case: people, now o' days, have not the taste or good feeling to marry women of quality without the dross, at least such people as a well-born lady ought to accept. "How is Lady Lucy Long?" said the Viscount. "As long as ever; how I do hate over-tall people (Lord Newstead was of the middle stature), they overlook you in society, but generally are too shallow to over-reach you. I never knew a very tall man a very clever one, the present company excepted, but you, Arly, are not over tall: something, I suppose, about five feet ten or so, the standard of beauty." "A little more," quoth Lord A.; "but what say you to the late William Pitt?" "O! he was the shade of the great Chatham, and shadows, you know, always elongate; but to return to Lady Lucy Long, she is grown as thin as a greyhound, and stoops, not to conquer, but to pick up any thing from a pin to a tale of scandal, and is just as proud and parsimonious as ever." "And my cousin?" said the Viscount, "I have quite lost sight of him." "And so have I; and I believe he has lost sight of himself, for in his expenses he has eclipsed himself, and disappeared from the horizon of the beau monde; but pray," tired of being questioned, and looking impatient to be gone, with an affected air of *bon hommie*, as if on a friendly visit, "pray who have we got here?" (in Paris, which would offer a wider field for his satire.) "Nobody," answering his own question—"I understand, of any mark; the country a'n't settled enough, and everybody has seen Paris; it is better taste now to go down the Rhine, or to sunny Italy; that is to say, for those who can afford it; but our fashionables, whose estates are out at elbows, or who have been hooked at the fish-mongers,\* go to Tours and Blois, &c. to recover breath, and to wait until they can raise the wind. I see a very anomalous, heterogeneous, spurious breed here, driving their four-in-hands, some just from college, some strong of the counting-house, and some from durance vile: here is one *boutiquier*, a bloated successful tradesman, who wants to do fine and fashionable, a fellow who rises in the country, sleeps out his Sunday, is smoke-dried all the week, and fancies that he lives at Richmond; the fellow is so round and cumbrous that he looks like a rum-punccheon on his own premises, and doubtless is a rogue in spirit; he too drives his four-in-hand, and sits behind them as if he was leaning over his till and extracting the base metal for baser beverage: he has, however, not forgotten the shop in the naming of his cattle, which he calls most appropriately Blue Ruin, Old Tom, Peppermint and Cloves, the latter probably in honour of a person on the turf of that name." Here Lord Arlington laughed in earnest. The old Peer in continuation: "I want very much to talk to you more seriously; I would give a *great deal* (taking half a pinch of snuff and dispersing the other half in the air) to see you and your father reconciled, but my time is now out (looking at a little flat watch), and therefore I will dine with you, and take another (pinch of snuff he might have said, for he did so) reprieve on this important sub-

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\* Whether in allusion to blind hooky, or Crockford's establishment, we know not.

jeet, ha ! my watch has stopped (listening), it does not go at all, it is too flat, although *flats* go fast enough until they can no longer come to time (a smile). I hate a watch myself, it is so like a pawnbroker, bent on redeeming time ; nothing is so vulgar as to carry a watch that's large enough to go well ; as for mine, I care very little about it ; my cook and my valet de chambre keep time for me. When the former sends me word that dinner is ready I emerge from my dressing-room, escaping the conversation of my expecting guests, who are informed that my Lord is just come in to dress, and will be with them in a few minutes ; and when my valet reminds me that it is time to dress, I quit my sofa, and go through the operation with becoming composure, composing often, at the same time, the lines of my countenance and a speech for the Upper House. (He looked round for a smile, it was a failure.) Farewell, my dear boy ; what is your hour, eight or nine ?" " Fix it yourself, Lord Newstead," replied the Viscount. " Between both then, and so, *au revoir*, between eight and nine," repeated the Peer, taking a farewell look in the glass, adjusting his collar, and giving an air *degagé* to his hair, " is a very decent patrician-like hour. Our stupid ancestors dined at five as the *juste milieu*, our moderates feed at six, the commoner comes to seven, the ambitious tradesman, and he who has made his own fortune, takes the half hour, but the exquisite and Upper House never think of the pleasures of the table before eight or nine, having however taken a constitutional measure in a lunch, *ainsi*. I wish you a good morning, *et je reviendrai à mes moutons*, or rather to your mutton, not later than nine."

I ought to notice one circumstance ; nameiy, that finding, on being named to me, that I was neither an influential man in my own country, one of the *merveilleux* of Paris, nor a foreigner of distinction, neither editor nor journalist, poet or satirist, Lord Newstead soon set me down as a cipher, and as ever and anon he varied his voice as if in confidential converse with Lord Arlington, he contented himself with directing a glance at me, as much as to say, " I do you the honour to include you in the amusement of my discourse ;" and as he left the saloon, after glancing an air of affected kind familiarity on his friend, he bent a look of condescension on me.

Thus ended the morning call of this aged trifler, all froth, all self, all insincerity.

" I will meet thee again at Philippi."

THE LISTENER.



## YORK MINSTER SCREEN:

A SPECIMEN OF THE YORKSHIRE DIALECT, AS SPOKEN IN THE NORTH RIDING.

BY GEORGE NEWTON BROWNE.

SCENE—*Goodram Gate, York.*

[Mike Dobson is standing still in the street leaning on his stick; Bob Jackson, on horseback, rides quickly past him.]

MIKE. Hollo, Bob Jackson, ovr't<sup>a</sup> the plague's thee boon,<sup>b</sup>  
 Ganging at sike a pe'ace as that thruff 't toon.—  
 Stop mun, let's touch thee flesh,<sup>c</sup>—what is thà blinnd,  
 Or wadtha<sup>d</sup> wish te trot ovr an o'ad<sup>e</sup> frinnd?—  
 There's nowther sense nor mense in sike a pe'ace,  
 It leaks as thoff thoo dossent show thee fe'ace;  
 A gayish nag\* that leaks, at thoo's asthrarde,  
 Ah's seer it diz, is't good te owt te rarde?

BOB. The best that ivver put a fe'at on t' ro'ad,  
 And will be bet'ther, he's noot twe'a year o'ad.

MIKE. Bood, what brings thee te York this tarme o't yeer,  
 Ah's seer it diz yan good to see ye heer;  
 Hestha<sup>f</sup> browt owt to't market, ovr's thee te'ame?  
 Are all thee bairns quite fresh at yam, and t' de'ame?  
 Ah sud ha' thowt you'd all been thrang at t' farm  
 Mang t' hay and coorn, for this is't thrangest tarme.

BOB. Wi' soom foo'aks it may be, bood bairn, mah hay  
 Hez all been stack'd<sup>g</sup> and theack'd<sup>h</sup> this monny a day;  
 And as t'wheat weant be ripe a fortnith yit,  
 And glooaring<sup>i</sup> at it winnot mak it fit,  
 Ah've coom te York to weast<sup>k</sup> an hoor or se'a,  
 Since ah had nowt partick'ler else te de'a;  
 And mun, for soom tarme past Ah've re'ally been  
 Just crazed te know about this "*Minsther Screen*."  
 T'newspapers used te talk of nothing else,  
 It mead mair noise than yan o't minsther bells,  
 And sea ah've coom'd to see what it be like,  
 Diz thoo know owt at all about it, Mike?

## GLOSSARY.

<sup>a</sup> where    <sup>b</sup> bound    <sup>c</sup> shake hands    <sup>d</sup> would you    <sup>e</sup> old    <sup>f</sup> have you    <sup>g</sup> stacked  
<sup>h</sup> thatched    <sup>i</sup> staring    <sup>k</sup> spend.

\* No dialogue strictly characteristic ever took place between Yorkshiremen, the subject of which did not begin and end with "a hoss"—the present, therefore, in this respect, at least, will be found correct.

*Cobbett's Mag.*—No. 12.

c

MIKE. Thoo mood ha' seerched all t' coontry sarde to see,  
A chap at knaws yah hauf<sup>1</sup> as mich as me—  
Put up thee hoss<sup>m</sup> mun, heer i't Minsther Yard,  
And then we'll gang and hev a leak insard.

[Bob here gives his horse to Mr. Moss's hostler, with sundry directions respecting the treatment of him, &c. They then enter the Minster.]

BOB. Bon! its a strange gre'at ple'ace, and dash it, Mike,  
It maks a chap feel desprit lahtle<sup>n</sup> like ;\*  
Ah' feels all iv a trimmle,<sup>o</sup> with the dre'ad  
Lest ony bad thowt now sud fill mah he'ad.  
Bood, show us ovr this Screen is to be foond,<sup>p</sup>  
Is't summut up o't reaf,<sup>a</sup> or doon o't ground?<sup>r</sup>

MIKE. Whah' sootha, lootha, leakstha,<sup>s</sup> there it stands,  
The bonniest wark ere me'ad by mottal hands;  
That thing all claired<sup>t</sup> wi lahtle dolls is t' screen,  
About which all this noise and wark hez been,  
And if thool wisht a minnit mun or se'a,  
Ah'l sean insenstha<sup>n</sup> into t' yal te de'a.<sup>s</sup>  
Thoo sees when Martin wiv his crackbrained tricks,  
Set fire t' minsther like a he'ap o' wicks,<sup>w</sup>  
Fooaks<sup>x</sup> frev all pairts<sup>y</sup> o't coonthry vary se'an  
Clubbed bras<sup>z</sup> te pay for reeting<sup>a</sup> it age an;  
Se'a Ah, mang t' rest o't quality, put doon  
(For iv'ry lahtle helps, thoo knaws,) a croon.  
Noo se'an as t' brass was gotten, afore lang,  
Frev iv'ry pairt a soort o' chaps did thrang:  
Ste'an me'asins,<sup>b</sup> aircHITECKS, and sike like straight,  
All clusther'd roond like mennies<sup>c</sup> at a bait;  
Soom te leak on and give advice, and Bob,  
Ne'a doot soom on em com te late<sup>d</sup> a job.—  
Bood when te leak thruff t' minsther they began,  
They started te finnd faut weet tiv' a man;  
This thing was ower big, that ower small,  
While t'other had ne'a business there at all.—  
If ivver thoo did tiv a cobbler send,  
A pair of sheun<sup>e</sup> he did not mak, to mend,

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<sup>1</sup> half   <sup>m</sup> horse   <sup>n</sup> little   <sup>o</sup> tremble   <sup>p</sup> found   <sup>a</sup> roof   <sup>r</sup> ground   <sup>s</sup> sootha,  
lootha, leakstha; see, look, behold—these words are always used together;  
<sup>t</sup> covered over   <sup>w</sup> explain to you   <sup>y</sup> t' yal te de'a—the whole to do—the  
whole affair;   <sup>x</sup> quick grass   <sup>z</sup> folks   <sup>y</sup> parts   <sup>z</sup> clubbed bras—subscribed  
money;   <sup>a</sup> repairing   <sup>b</sup> stonemasons   <sup>c</sup> minnows   <sup>d</sup> seek   <sup>e</sup> shoes.

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\* Sentiments of the deepest awe and veneration cannot fail to strike any person, however otherwise insensible, on entering so sublime a structure as York Minster; and it was no doubt as much with a view to excite such sensations, as in honour of the Deity, that such magnificent edifices have been erected.

Thoo's heerd what scoores o' fauts he vary seun,  
 Wad start to finnd oot wiv thà poor o'ad sheun ;—  
 " T' sowing wad be bad, and se'a wad t' mak,<sup>f</sup>  
 And t' leather good te nowt at all bood crack."  
 Just se'a the'as chaps foond faut wi' ne'a pretense,  
 Bood just 'at ple'ace was noot belt<sup>g</sup> by theirsens ;—  
 Noo when they com to t' screen, it strake em blinnd,  
 For noot yah singel faut weet could they finnd,  
 Until yah cunning chap to show his teaste,  
 Threaped<sup>h</sup> oot like mad at it wur *wrangly* plea'ced.—  
 He said " it sud ha' been thrust fodther<sup>i</sup> back,  
 For t' Ne'ave<sup>k</sup> leak ower lahtle it did mak,  
 And that it se'a confarned his view o' t' ple'ace,  
 To let it bard<sup>l</sup> wad be a sair disgre'ace."

BOB. Wha sike a feal as that sud nivver stop  
 Doon heer beloe, but gang and gloore fre' t' top ;  
 Ah mood as weel ding<sup>m</sup> mah back deer<sup>n</sup> of t' creaks,<sup>o</sup>  
 And then tell t' wife at it confarned mah leaks ;  
 Mah wod she'd se'an confarn mah leaks for me,  
 Wiv what Ah weel sud merit, a black ee.<sup>p</sup>

MIKE. " Yah feal maks mony," is a thing weel knawn,  
 And t' truth of it was heer me'ast truly shown ;  
 A soort o' chaps, at scarcely could desarn,  
 The dif'rence twixt an oad chetch<sup>q</sup> and a barn<sup>\*</sup>  
 Fre' t' coontry sarde all roond aboot did thrang.  
 And sware it sud be shifted reet or wrang ;  
 Noo de'ant thoo think that Ah had nowt to say,  
 Bood just did let em hev their o'an fond way ;  
 Nay—hundhreds, bairn, of foo'aks agreed wi me  
 That stoored<sup>r</sup> it owt noot, and sud nivver be.—  
 Disputes and diffrences that had ne'a end  
 Began te start, friend quarrelled sean wi friend.—  
 Mair nonsense te'a, aboot it bairn, was writ,  
 Than ivver hez been fairly read thruff yit ;  
 For mony a feal his help each way to lend,  
 Gease quills and fealseap we'asted without end.  
 Meetings were held, men spak till they gat hoo'arse,

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<sup>f</sup> make   <sup>g</sup> built   <sup>h</sup> insisted   <sup>i</sup> farther   <sup>k</sup> the nave   <sup>l</sup> bide, remain   <sup>m</sup> throw  
 off   <sup>n</sup> door   <sup>o</sup> hinges   <sup>p</sup> eye   <sup>q</sup> church   <sup>r</sup> stirred.

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\* A difference, by the way, not so very easily to be distinguished. I myself, with shame be it spoken, have seen many an antique church in Yorkshire so like an old barn with a dove cote on the top by way of a steeple, that it would have puzzled my *namesake* himself to have discovered at a little distance—" which was which."

*Printer's Devil,*

And barley-seager\* raise in price of coo'arse,  
 While some foo'aks to their friends said se'a mich then,  
 Yah wod' together they've noot spokken sen."<sup>\*</sup>  
 Bood tho' se'a despritly they talked and fowt,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Ne'an o' theas meetings ivver com te owt:  
 At last they did resolve to call anoother,  
 Te settle t' queshun<sup>\*</sup> at yah way or t'ooother,  
 When efther beals and shouts, and claps and gre'ans,  
 Eneaf te wakken t' vary tonpike<sup>\*</sup> ste'ans  
 The queshun to t' subscribers there was poot,  
 Whether it sud be shifted, or sud noot.—  
 We gat it, mun, as se'af as se'af could be,  
 For ivry man o' sense did vo'at wi me;  
 When lo! t' o'ad chairman frev his pocket beuk  
 A lot o' vo'ats<sup>\*</sup> lapt up in paper teuk,<sup>†</sup>  
 With which in spite of all at we could say,  
 He turned the queshun clean the t'ooother way,  
 And thus desarded<sup>\*</sup> it sud shifted be,  
 Bood *shifted* t' nivver was, as thoo may see.  
 For perhaps they thowt in spite of all their wits  
 T' screen wad, if stoo'ared,<sup>\*</sup> ha' tummeled<sup>b</sup> all te bits—  
 Nea doot thoo knaws t' oad riddle of an egg,  
 I've knawn't sen Ah was boot t' book<sup>c</sup> o' my leg.—  
 Its "hoompty doompty sat upon a wall,  
 "And hoompty doompty gat a desprit fall,  
 "And all t' king's hosses there, and all t' king's men,  
 "Could neer set hoompty doompty reet agen."  
 Se'a they consated<sup>d</sup> if they rarved this screen  
 Bood yance'fre't ple'ace in which t' had awlus been,  
 Like hoompty doompty, it could neer age'an  
 Be set te reets let what pains wad be te'an—  
 Bood there thoo sees it stands, yal and compleat,  
 And that's because they've nivver de'an nowt weat:  
 A bonny thing like that, is bonny still,  
 Put it in whatsumivver ple'ace you will,

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\* sugar    † word    " since    † fought    \* question    \* turnpike    † votes  
 \* decided    \* stirred    <sup>b</sup> tumbled    <sup>c</sup> bulk, size    <sup>d</sup> conceived.

\* To such a pitch was the discussion respecting the screen carried on in York about this time, that nothing else was heard, spoken, or thought of. Footmen picking up scattered arguments in the dining-room, debated together furiously in the servant's hall; while in the kitchen the cook, housemaid, and scullions, were all engaged in the dispute. At a dinner party, given by Mr. C——, a gentleman, who sat with his back to the fire, feeling rather cold, requested a servant, whose head was full of the argument, to "*remove the screen*"—meaning that one at the back of his chair—John started from his reverie at once, and quite forgetting where he was, called out, he should be d—d if it should be stoored for any man.

† By "Voats lapt up in paper"—Mike means vote by proxy. What a great effect the speeches and arguments at any meeting must have upon those who have given their votes by proxy three or four days before the meeting takes place!

And as t' was weel while nowt was at it dea'n,  
 They've just de'an weel in letting weel ale'an.  
 Bood what did seam to me uncommon hard,  
 And vexed me se'a, Ah knew noot how te bard,\*  
 Was that mah money, dash it, sud be te'an  
 Te de'a that with, Ah wished sud noot be de'an,—  
 Could Ah hev gotten mah croon back, Ah sware  
 That egg or shell on't they sud noot see mair.

BOB. Thah keas<sup>f</sup> joost<sup>g</sup> make me think o' Jamie Broon,  
 T' oad dhrunken carpenter of our toon.—  
 Thoo sees yah day to Jamie's hoose<sup>h</sup> Ah went,  
 And fand he'd gotten t' bailier's<sup>i</sup> \* in for rent,  
 His wife, poor thing, was awmeast flay'd<sup>k</sup> te de'ad,  
 And rarved<sup>l</sup> off t' hair by neavesful<sup>m</sup> frev her he'ad,  
 And t' bairns all roo'ed te see their mooother roore,  
 Ah nivver i my life seed sike a stoore.—  
 Oa'd Jamie he was set in t' ingle<sup>n</sup> neuk,  
 Glooaring at t' fire wiv a hauf fond leuk;  
 Yah hand waz iv his britches pocket thrast,  
 While t'other picked his nooas<sup>o</sup> end desprit fast; †  
 For him thoo sees Ah cared'nt hauf a pin,  
 For dhrink had browt him to t' state he was in,  
 Bood mah heart warked<sup>p</sup> te see t' poore bairns and t' de'ame,  
 And se'a Ah moonted<sup>q</sup> t' meer<sup>r</sup> and skelped<sup>s</sup> off he'ame,  
 And there Ah teuk fahve<sup>t</sup> poond, pairt ov a hoo'ard,<sup>u</sup>  
 Ah'd felt<sup>v</sup> in t' Bahble<sup>x</sup> te be out o't ro'ard<sup>y</sup> ‡  
 (For Ah's yan o' thor chaps ats ommust se'af<sup>z</sup>  
 To spend all t' bras ats handy te my ne'af,) §  
 And sent it tiv him by our dowther<sup>c</sup> Nance,  
 At he mood pay off t' bailiers at yance.<sup>d</sup>  
 Wad you believe, as se'an as t' brass he gat,  
 He off te t' public hoose, and there he sat,

\* bear    <sup>f</sup> case    \* just    <sup>h</sup> house    <sup>i</sup> bailiffs    <sup>k</sup> frightened    <sup>l</sup> rived, tore  
<sup>m</sup> handfals    <sup>n</sup> fire-side    <sup>o</sup> nose    <sup>p</sup> ached    <sup>q</sup> mounted    <sup>r</sup> mare  
<sup>s</sup> scampered    <sup>t</sup> five    <sup>u</sup> hoard    <sup>x</sup> hid    <sup>y</sup> Bible    <sup>z</sup> road    <sup>a</sup> sure    <sup>b</sup> hand  
<sup>c</sup> daughter    <sup>d</sup> once.

\* Bailiffs.—“ The sheriff being answerable for the misdemeanors of these  
 “ bailiffs, they are usually bound in an obligation, with sureties, for the due execu-  
 “ tion of their office, and thence are called bound bailiffs, which common people have  
 “ corrupted into a much more homely appellation.”—*Blackstone's Com.* book 1, p. 345.  
 † The nose of an habitual drunkard (*haud ignarus loquor*) is always afflicted with  
 a tickling and tormenting heat—in fact that member seems constantly itching to be  
 in the flagon.

‡ Country folks hide their money in strange places—old jars, bottles, bedsteads,  
 and tea-pots, have occasionally been the emporia of hidden treasure.—By Bob having  
 hid his money in the Bible, *to be out of the road*, we may without much hesitation  
 imply, that that worthy character did not often make the sacred volume the subject  
 of his perusal. Sir Walter Scott makes one of his characters hide bank-notes in a  
 Bible, under the impression, that it was the most unlikely place for a thief to pry  
 into.

And sat and smeuk'd,\* and smeuk'd and dhrank away,  
 Fra two'alve<sup>f</sup> o'clock, te two'alve o'clock next day.  
 Just then Ah enthered t' hoose as Ah past by,  
 Te get a dhrink, for Ah was desprit dry,  
 And there Ah fand t' oad raggil<sup>g</sup> te be seer,  
 Stritched on his back, dea'd dhrunk, o't parlour flier.—  
 Ah thrast mah hand intiv his pocket neuk,  
 And back agean mah fahve poond noo'ate Ah teuk,  
 For when Ah gav him't, it was mah intent,  
 That he sud de'a nowt weet bood pay his rent.  
 Just se'a, Ah think thoo had a reet to tak  
 T' croon thoo subscarbed cud thoo ha' gotten't hack,  
 Since they te whom t' was geen<sup>h</sup> had got ne'a reet  
 Te de'a owt else, bood what t'was geen for, weet.

MIKE. Thoo's reet, thoo's reet, Ah'd seaner had that croon,  
 Te we'ast in blash and dhrink like Jamie Broom,  
 Than they ha' gotten't, for then mun at le'ast  
 Ah'd ple'ased mah oan, and noot anoother's te'ast.

BOB. Pray whe'ah belt minsther? for it se'ams to me  
 He kenned far best just whor this screen sud be.  
 What tho' theas chaps may talk a he'ap o' blash,<sup>i</sup>  
 Ah wad'nt give a haup'ny<sup>k</sup> for their trash,  
 Unless te pre'ave<sup>l</sup> his judgment good, some yan  
 Builds sike a spot as t' minsther here, and than,  
 And noot till taan thoo sees a body may,  
 Be called upon te heed what he may say.

MIKE.<sup>l</sup> And noo Ah thinks Ah've telled thee all Ah' ken,  
 And mead thee just as wise mun as mysen,  
 Se'a coom thoo yam<sup>m</sup> wi me and see t' o'ad lass,  
 And get a bite o' summut and a glass,  
 For Ah'se se'a hungered tonned<sup>n</sup> Ah scarce can barde,  
 Ah've gotten quite a wemling<sup>o</sup> in t' insarde.

BOB. Ah've ne'a objection, bood afore Ah wag  
 A single leg, Ah's tied<sup>p</sup> to see mah nag.

MIKE. Thoo need'nt mun, in Moss's yard hes seaf  
 Ah's warrant, he'll get hay and coorn eneaf,  
 His is'nt t' inn where rogueish hostlers che'at,\*  
 And grease t' hoss' mouths te set 'em past their me'at,

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\* smoked   <sup>f</sup> twelve   <sup>g</sup> rascal   <sup>h</sup> given   <sup>i</sup> trash   <sup>k</sup> halfpenny   <sup>l</sup> prove  
<sup>m</sup> home   <sup>n</sup> turned   <sup>o</sup> yearning   <sup>p</sup> obliged.

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\* A knavish hostler, in the presence of an inexperienced traveller, will give his horse a very large feed of oats, and as soon as the gentleman's back is turned he will subtract from the manger all the corn but a few handfuls, and then grease the horse's teeth with a candle, which will effectually prevent the animal, for some time at least, from touching his food.—When the traveller returns and sees some oats still remaining in the manger, he liberal'y rewards the hostler for giving his horse more than he can eat!!



Nay, Moss's man will tak mair tent<sup>a</sup> o' t' be'ast,  
Than ony moother of her bairn awme'ast.

BOB. Nea doot, nea doot he'll tent it weel, bood bon,<sup>r</sup>  
Ah mood as weel just see how he gets on,  
He may ha' slipped his helther<sup>s</sup> wiv a tug,  
Or getten yah leg ovr t' te scrat his lug.\*

MIKE. Aweel, leak sharp, and dean't be ovr lang,  
Or yam bedoot<sup>t</sup> thee Ah'se be foorced te gang.

BOB. Yah minnit for me, bairn, thoo need'nt stop,  
For Ah'll be back in t' cracking ov a lop.<sup>u</sup>†

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WIGS.

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With hairy springes we the birds betray;  
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;  
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

POPE.

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I do not intend to waste ink and paper, and exhaust the patience of the readers of COBBETT'S MAGAZINE, by the composition of invectives against *Whigs* like Lord GREY, Lord BROUGHAM, and "honest Lord ALTHORP." I have a higher and more philosophic task to perform. I leave the Stygian pool of party virulence, the cunning of Tories, the tyranny of Whigs, and the enthusiasm of Radicals, to those who have the maximum of combativeness, and the minimum of taste in the adorning of the human frame. Three drops of *Eau de Cologne* have I put into my inkstand; and I have drenched my quill in the Persian perfume that emanates from the odorous shop of Mr. Pett, perfumer to their Majesties, 243, Regent-street. There is musk in the drawer, from which I have taken the sheets whereon I am writing this. I have sprinkled lavender-water in showers on the floor of my study, and on my table I have placed, in a silver box, the violets, now withered but still sweet, which my incomparable Rachel gave me last summer, when she vanquished me after an argument of three hours on the taking of snuff. Hush! the Æolian harp in the window of the room above is playing in a style that might ravish Mozart, and draw an angel

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<sup>a</sup> care    <sup>r</sup> burn it    <sup>s</sup> halter    without    <sup>u</sup> flea.

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\* Many a horse has got a leg over the halter in scratching his ears with the hind hoof, and bath thus hung himself. An ingenious farrier named Snowden, near Kirbymoorside, has invented a very clever halter to prevent such accidents.

† Reader! didst thou ever behold thy dog Tray, suddenly starting from a sound nap on the hearth rug, curl himself up and begin to sniff and snap through his hide from head to tail? If so, thou hast seen "the cracking of a lop."



from heaven. Thus while concocting an article on ornaments for the head I have, as is most meet, perfumes for the olfactory department, and sounds melting and delicious for the ear. But the noblest source of inspiration, the best spur to the intellect, the great promoter of my delight, the thing which makes my eye sparkle and my spirits effervesce, is my own dear, rich, luxuriant, curling, auburn wig on the table before me. There, lately oiled and combed, and spread over the block, it stands in its glory—a rapturous vision to myself, and soon to be a rapturous vision in the glittering ball-room, to scores of creatures divine in their beauty, and taking and giving smiles. My wig, I know, will make my fortune. It will not petrify people like the wig of Medusa; but it will win, fascinate, and lead them into a joyous captivity in delicate chains of silk and gossamer.

If to my share some vulgar errors fall,  
Look on my wig, and you'll forget them all.

Where is the man who is wicked enough to own that he despises a well-dressed wig? If there be such a being in the old world, or the new, “let him not be trusted.” He has no perception for the beautiful—no feeling; and his heart, I should hold, is a bit of Spanish leather made into a reservoir of black and dirty ditch water. It cannot be doubted that a wig scientifically constructed is a precious embellishment to the “human face divine.” It has been affirmed a hoary head is a crown of glory, but in this I suspect there is more poetry than truth. A fine old face surmounted by white hair is pleasant enough to look upon; yet a wig to suit the complexion of the individual neatly and properly curled, and well fixed on the cranium so as to show none of the ‘silvery slips’ beneath, is, to my apprehension, incomparably superior. It is a piece of knavery—a sort of cheat—I allow. The object, however, of the knavery is to make the beholder believe the wearer is somewhat younger in years than he actually is; and where is the harm? There is no reason to boast of the corporeal appearance of old age, nor is there any reason to be ashamed of the freshness and bloom of youth. If art can grant a little of this freshness and bloom when nature is churlish and gives a denial, we ought to be thankful. If when we are old we can seduce ourselves and others into the belief that some of the attributes of youth are still with us, it is well; and the effort to do so is deserving of the warmest praise.

Bald heads, though not so indicative of senility as locks of silver, are yet to me by no means agreeable objects. Nature never intended that men should be bald, or she would have dispensed with hair altogether. Julius Cæsar had a head almost hairless, and he was accustomed to say, he would cover it with nothing but laurels. Few men, however, are like Julius Cæsar, and the generality must be content with wigs instead of leaves from the tree of “*imberbis Apollo*.” A smooth, glossy, bald head, where there is a fine brow, is interesting in a phrenological point of view; but certainly in no other. The best argument in favour of wigs, both on the heads of those who have white hair, and of those who have scarcely any hair at all, is the fact that ladies, as soon as they perceive gray hairs becoming visible, instantly, in their ambition to please, have recourse to the peruke manufacturer. Ladies have the best idea of what is beautiful and gratifying; and if they conceived a hoary head to be a crown of

glory, or a bald head becoming, they would nem. con. strike a docquet against the barbers, and put them into the *Gazette*. Their taste, thank the fates, is better; and wigs among the softer sex have a reputation of such a solid and lasting character, that all the changes and caprices of fashion shall never take it away. As a proof of the estimation in which wigs are held by our fair friends, I need only give the following extract from the card of a celebrated hair-dresser: "Begs to intimate that he has just received from Paris a selection of the most fashionable frontlets, viz. Rich Reform, Russell, Victoria, Anglesea, Mandeville, Bandean, Mohair, Grecian Bow, Bandanna, Cylinder, and a variety of others." Who would imagine such ample provision was in store in Paris or elsewhere for the wants and necessities of beauty?

The wigs to which I have hitherto alluded, are those made of human hair in the fashion of the present day. There *have*, however, been wigs of a kind which (heaven save the mark!) could claim little similarity to the natural hair on the head of man in any age of the world. In the merry days of Charles the Second, gentlemen wore droll things which they called wigs. I have seen a fine portrait of that dissolute monarch, the work of a contemporary artist; and the wig, putting the dismal face out of the question, was quite sufficient to frighten most effectually crows from a corn-field. Black, shaggy, monstrous machines, the witty wretched perukes must certainly have been. How Nell Gwynne, or any other of the bewitching syrens of the time, could relish the monarch, or the gallants around him, I am at a loss to conjecture.

It is amusing to speculate on fashion. What is a monstrosity in one century is a beauty in another. What in one quarter of the globe excites emotions of pleasure, in another gives rise to loathing and disgust. Japanese ladies blacken their teeth, English ladies tear up heaven and earth to render theirs like pearl. In the days of Edward the Fourth a law was passed to shorten the toes of shoes, for they were so long that they were fastened to the knee by chains of silver. If a man wore now in the street a cloak of plush like that which Sir Walter Raleigh threw upon the mud in order that Queen Elizabeth might step cleanly over, he would be deemed deranged, and would be ordered to confinement. The tattooing of a South Sea Island beauty would create any thing but love in the breast of a European. Innumerable instances like the above occur to every thinking person; but those I have mentioned serve to prove—if proof were needed—what a strange creature man is. Philosophers have accounted for these absurdities in discussing the association of ideas, and have shown the mighty influence of habit and education. And after all we have the painful and humiliating truth presented to us, that what we in these enlightened days conceive to be graceful and becoming, our posterity will consider the very reverse. Thus one age acts the censor to the other—thus change goes on till time shall be no more.

Putting aside, however, philosophical abstractions, and viewing the matter superficially, it does seem odd that the cavaliers of the Restoration, desirous as they were to enchant and gratify the dear sex, should have disfigured Nature's workmanship by those huge black perukes. Extremes of an opposite kind, it is said, follow each other; and perhaps the Royalists imagined an immense wig was necessary to distinguish them from the short-haired Puritans. Large wigs, however, did not go to the

tomb with Charles the Second. His successor James patronized them, as did also William the Third. In these reigns, and in that of Anne, they seem to have been worn by all those who pretended to be gentlemen. The handsome Duke of Marlborough, the Adonis of his day, in almost every portrait of him, is represented with a huge wig and armour. A warrior in a wig is a humorous idea. To have visited the field after the battle of Blenheim or Ramillies, great as the carnage in both instances undoubtedly was, would, to a tourist of our day, have afforded considerable amusement, even though he were horror-struck at the bloodshed. What indeed could be more laughable than the great wigs worn at the time in question lying on the ground, here and there, afar from the heads of their owners! The state wig of Louis the Fourteenth, history informs us, was of such value in his eyes, that he left it to the Virgin Mary. "That wig," as Moore sings,

"The wonder of all eyes,  
The Cynosure of Gallia's skies,  
To watch and tend whose curls adored,  
Rebuild the towering roof when flat,  
And round the rumpled base a Board  
Of sixty Barbers daily sat,  
With subs. on state days, to assist,  
Well pension'd from the Civil List.—  
That wond'rous wig, array'd in which,  
And strong alike to awe or witch,  
He beat all other heirs of crowns,  
In taking mistresses and towns,  
Requiring but a shot at *one*—  
A smile at *t'other*, and 'twas done."

All of us, I doubt not, remember being delighted in our childhood when, looking into books for the sake of the pictures, the portrait of a Waller, a Butler, an Addison, a Swift, or a Somers, with a voluminous curly wig, met our eye. Great wisdom, we have often thought in our boyish wonder, belonged to those wigs. The quiet, grave, and modest face of Addison had additional interest given to it by the wig; and the bluff, hearty phyz of the Dean of St. Patrick's, from the same source, had a more imposing appearance. It is easy to imagine a few of the wits, as they were called, of the time of Queen Anne, sitting with Pope in his villa at Twickenham. What a formidable figure they would cut in their wigs round the table! How those ample perukes would shake when Swift said something broadly ludicrous, and Bolingbroke something magnificently eloquent! Pope, as he had company, would be without his velvet cap, and be dressed in a wig almost as large as himself. I think I see the little, sickly, crooked, peevish fellow at the head of his board, putting ever and anon his hand to his forehead, leaning with his elbow on the table, and occasionally pushing his fingers under his wig, and scratching his head.

Wigs grew less and more graceful when the House of Hanover came to the throne. Men began to have a better notion of what was neat and ornamental. I never could learn whether the barbers petitioned Parliament to interfere in the matter, and bring back perukes to the magnitude from which they were so fast departing. Our own Lord Ellenborough, the man with an "unkimmon fine head of hair," could have risen in his place in the House of Peers, had he been then existent, and given their

Lordships a vast deal of useful information on the subject of dresses for the pate. His Lordship would probably have moved for a committee of inquiry, and an elaborate report on wigs would have been the gratifying result. What the barbers did, however, or what Lord Ellenborough would have done, is of little moment ; but less the wigs certainly became. The wigs of the time of the first and second Georges, though by no means insignificant in point of size, were yet considerably less than those of the four preceding reigns. Their curls went down the back, instead of coming over the shoulders, and resting on each side of the bosom. It is as difficult to account for this change, as for any other change in fashion. The importation of German gravity and decorum which reached us with the Georges, may possibly have been the cause of men reducing their wigs to more moderate dimensions. Conjecture, however, is vain ; and perhaps the discovery of the origin of evil is not a whit less perplexing than this point in the history of ornaments for the head.

George the Third, the *farmer* of Old England, wore a bob wig of extreme neatness and simplicity. In turning over the kings of this country, your special wonder is excited when you arrive at the visage of this agreeable old monarch. His peruke has none of the dash and flowing curls of his grandfather. The cap on the head of a young duchess when going to a rout, does not differ more from that of an elderly quakeress, than the wig of the third George from that of the second. At the commencement of the reign of George the Third, a wig well powdered, and a gold-headed cane, seem to have been a *sine qua non* with all physicians. Smollett in his novels, and the essayists of the time, who reviewed men and manners, make frequent allusion to the violent passion which the medical gentry entertained for wigs. The fashionable physicians of that day were often seen parading in St. James's or Hyde Park, tapping their snuff-boxes, and shaking their "ambrosial curls," not like Jove, for the purpose of throwing Olympus into confusion, but to show to the numerous gazers, as the powder fell on their coat, how liberal they were in its use. The majority of the followers of Æsculapius in modern times, appear generally to affect coxcombry. What connexion there is betwixt physic and puppyism I know not ; but praise from me the doctors towards the close of the last century shall surely not obtain, for their munificent patronage of that abomination, a powdered peruke.

For our own day was reserved the great triumph of wigs. We have at length attained the climax of perfection. George the Fourth, the finest gentleman in Europe, was adorned with perukes that entitle their manufacturers to a glorious immortality. How the grace, the elegance, the air of "Gentleman George," were improved by his admirable wigs ! What lady of his court, though she had the eye of a lynx, could detect his masterly imitations of nature ? Look how the hair, in the portraits of this smartest of kings, luxuriates above his clear forehead : what beautiful tufts below each temple ! I never saw "Gentleman George" himself blooming in his wig ; but I can readily conceive from his counterfeits how so many of earth's fairest creatures forgot their suppers while thinking of him. Histerians, I hope and trust, will always remember to notice his wigs with reverence and respect. Frightful wigs and powdered horse-hair, &c., are now confined to certain professors. Bob-wigs and bag-wigs have nearly vanished. Now the long hair of young ladies supplies



the material for making the wigs of gentlemen. Never were ladies so useful as now. Never did they appear so neighbourly, so charitable, so good. To have said, in the days of Charles the Second, that wigs for males would be manufactured from the hair of ladies, might perhaps have induced your friends to consider you something not unlike a fool. What a refreshing, delightful, flattering, consolatory idea it is, that the wig which adorns you owes its being to the head of some youthful beauty! There must surely be weight and importance in the doctrines of Pythagoras.

The administrators and expounders of the laws of England at this day, when in full court costume, wear wigs as large and unwieldy as those of the gentry at the time of the Restoration. These learned and dignified lawyers are also most partial to powder. In America, I believe, the judges do not condescend to disfigure themselves with these frightful head-dresses; and I think they manifest great sagacity and prudence in so doing. It has been said the wig of the judge contains both solemnity and wisdom. To this, however, few can lend their assent. The wigs of their lordships are farcical—very farcical—and reasonable men do not respect Lord Brougham or Lord Lyndhurst for being the wearers of such absurdities. Little boys and girls, when they see them, may be awe-struck, peradventure; but surely no person of maturity can be possibly so affected. It is true that long usage has made wigs a part, as it were, of the judicial office; but long usage should be no apology for that which is ridiculous and childish. Actors, when occasion requires, put on wigs like those worn by judges; and yet nobody ever imagined there was either real gravity or genuine solemnity in the player, because of his wig. In fact, I think the intelligent Lord Lyndhurst would look much more dignified and imposing on the Exchequer Bench in a rich peruke of human hair from Regent-street, than in the most awful compound of powder, thread, and horse-hair that ever emanated from the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pray, my Lord Ellenborough, bring in a bill that the King's justices do forswear powdered wigs from the first day of June next.

The gentlemen of the bar are likewise rendered odious to the eye while in a court of justice by the abominable wigs which custom has set apart for them. Within the last few years a new kind of wig has appeared for the use of this class of gentry, which obviates the necessity of powder. This innovation is good, but it does not go far enough. The change should have removed wigs from the heads of barristers *in toto*. Many a handsome young fellow is converted into a monster by these foul insignia. An old counsellor, a friend of mine, and a great advocate for wigs, once contended with me that they were necessary to distinguish barristers from the crowd when they entered the courts, for if they were without such a well-known mark they would over and over again be unable to force their way through dense masses of people to the seats provided for them. The band and the gown, to which there is no very strong objection, would effect this purpose without the wig, and the human visage would not be reduced to the condition of an owl in an ivy bush. A wig of powdered horse-hair, besides, to a young barrister, is expensive and troublesome. He has a drawing-room head-dress and a court head-dress. He has a sufficiency of drains to his purse, both upon circuit and in town, without a Christmas bill from his barber for attend-

ance upon the latter piece of deformity. There are many ornaments at the bar, I doubt not, very proud indeed of their wigs, and would not part with them for the Bank of England; but these, I fear, are troubled with the same paltry weakness which makes the scion of some noble house delighted with a swagger from the barracks in brass spencer and terrible cocked hat. Bishops, happily, since the passing of the Reform Bill, have grown much ashamed of being seen in the Strand, Fleet-street, or any other great thoroughfare in their powdered wigs. This augurs well; and it is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that coachmen, who are fed and paid for dressing as their masters desire, will soon be the only persons met with in these atrocious disfigurements.\*

Come, then, all ye to whom churlish nature has given sandy, carrotty, or woolly heads of hair, or to whom she has given little or no hair at all. Employ your barbers and order your wigs according to the most approved principle. Let them fit you well and smartly. Let them not be too curly, nor too methodistical. Let their colour be such as will comport best with your complexions, and on this point you cannot do better than obtain as many female opinions as possible. Heed not the gibes that will be thrown upon you respecting your wigs. Always imagine those who tease you upon the subject, consider that you look remarkably charming. Their envy and their bile make them troublesome. If your wigs be ably constructed, you need be under no apprehension of their going awry upon your heads, and giving you a laughable and disorderly appearance. You will find it, too, most delectable sport to dip your bare polls into a pail of water of a warm summer's morning. Your heads, the whole day after this lavation, will be as transparent as glass; and you will see miles farther into a millstone than your neighbours who have no bare poll, possess no wigs, and use no pail of water. Beyond conception numerous are the advantages of wearing a wig. There is a continual crop of hair, you can choose the colour you like best, no cutting needed, none of those compounds requisite which the newspapers tell us make the hair grow. There is no bill I pay so cheerfully as that for a new peruke. If I have a fit of the blue devils, and am disposed to be angry with myself, a glance at my wig in the glass is like oil upon the waters, I become as tranquil and happy as a sleeping baby; I smile on all sides of my visage, and consider myself the most fortunate and favoured of men. I am not a personage who has considerable property in the funds or elsewhere; and yet, thank my stars, I am able, by dint of economy and good management, to procure two new wigs in the course of a year. For my old wigs I have great affection. I give them to poor aged men, who I know have a little pride in appearing decent as to the head; and of a Sunday at church, when I look down the aisle where the poor sit, I have the supreme satisfaction and comfort of beholding a colony of my wigs beneficial to others, though no longer beneficial to myself. The wig of which I shall be possessed at the time of my decease, I intend to bequeath to the British Museum, and a small annuity along with it, to pay a respectable barber for visiting, oiling, and dressing it once in three weeks.

W. L. H.

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\* Our Contributor evidently labours with error throughout this passage. But as he is amusing, we let him have his way.—Ed.

## SOME MERRY SPECULATIONS AND MELANCHOLY REFLECTIONS.

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MESSRS. EDITORS,

A thought struck me some evenings ago while sitting in my little study, just at that period when it is becoming too dark to read, and when economists exclaim, "It is a pity to shut out day-light, and too soon to light candles;" being alone, I could not indulge in that social chit chat which is so delightful at such an hour, when the indistinctness of all beyond the limits of the window precludes the eye from wandering beyond that bound, and the mind sympathetically or intuitively fixing at home, the family circle becomes a little isolated world; the fire, the sun that warms it, each then in that little sphere finds his dependence for pleasure and amusement upon others, all the links of the kindly chain are seen and felt; it is not as in the great world, when we forget because we will not feel, and cannot see the extremity; nay, not a thousandth part of the links forming the mighty chain of which we are one; hence self becomes predominant, and we twist and change, and move so inconsiderately, that the next link and perhaps many more grate and jar each other, and thus we kick up a most unnatural and discordant rumpus to be sure.

But to my thought in that chain, I have almost lost the thread of my discourse, thread as you must know being so much more easily lost or broken than a chain; but, however, I have at last caught my thread again, and let my chain drop with I hope enough noise to awaken the attention of my readers, who however light they may deem my style, I will uphold that my subject is a heavy and dark one, omitting always the thready part of it, and that is unquestionably the finest; omit to catch the thread of a narrative, and where are you? Break the thread of life, and what are you? Dear me, thought I, what can that great board be put up there for against the church wall, directly and conspicuously above the pulpit, with a list of donors, and the amount of their donations to a charity school? It puzzles me exceedingly,—but I have it, I'll write to the Editors of COBBETT'S MAGAZINE, they may give me some information on the subject. At the same time I will think over the matter, and give some opinion of my own, and, if he or any of his contributors can give better, out they will come, and we shall then have two learned opinions on a sign, a sign, sir, in a church? Yes, a sign in a church, the sign of vanity—and there in gold letters you have the names of wholesale dealers.

Like a skilful builder, having cleared away the rubbish, I now proceed to lay a foundation, and as every foundation is laid upon a prop, I purpose to lay mine upon a *proposition*.

This is my foundation. So numerous were the relatives and kindred the Pharisee left behind him, that the race has never, and never will, become extinct, till this world ceases to be. In every church you can see a proof in the sign-boards I have mentioned, setting forth plainly and distinctly, the names of several lineal descendants of the Pharisee; like him they "give tithes of all they possess;" like him (i.e. their fore-



father) they proclaim it in the temple of God. It may be deemed unchristian and uncharitable to enter so minutely and deeply into the motives of men's actions, knowing there "is One who searcheth the heart;" but I am convinced it is useful, because it may help to call the attention to a great fundamental truth insisted upon by the best divines of the day, and very imperfectly understood, viz., "that no work is pleasing or good in the eyes of God, unless it proceed from love of him;" now do we not all know some well-meaning individual whose acts of charity are many, whose heart overflows with the milk of human kindness, and yet whom we have reason to think never thought of the important fact we have mentioned? The matter is worth his consideration.

Do we not all know some individual, who, though he would not give sixpence to a starving fellow-creature, either from love to God or fear of the devil, yet would give liberally to have his name emblazoned among the list of subscribers to a public charity? This is the true descendant of the Pharisee. The matter is worth his consideration.

These remarks are not uncharitable, or, if they are, who will deny their truth? We remember an anecdote of a friend, now no more, who in his official capacity called upon a noble duke for 50*l.*, the amount for which he had put down his name as patron and subscriber to an excellent charity. On explaining his errand, the charitable duke burst into a laugh and exclaimed, "What, B——, come to a decoy bird for money?" The name of this illustrious decoy bird may be seen upon many of the "signs of vanity."

Positively, Messrs. Editors, I must stop; my ideas are off on another scent, and the best whipper-in in Christendom (always including those of the "iron-willed" Russian Autocrat) would find it an herculean task to stop them.

Be careful how you christen this bantam of mine; it is game, true game; the bench of bishops will at any time make affidavit to its truth, and the honourable member for Middlesex will uphold its orthodoxy, should it come before the House. It is, in fact, his own cause, inasmuch as some "Tory vagabond" had the impudence to ask, some little time back, "to what public charity" that medico-political patriot subscribed? What an illiberal question, only to think of so independent a man putting up his sign in the church, or on the workhouse wall!

We had just laid down our Perryian Pen, or rather, we were preparing to do so, by wiping it with an air of self-satisfaction upon our coat tail, as a warrior would do his sword after a bloody battle, when lo! another enigma presented itself to our optic nerve, in the shape of a gold-lace-coated and cock-hatted beadle, strutting like a turkey-cock down the aisle of our parish church,—the pen was but half wiped, 'twas the second idea, and down it went into the ink-stand with so much force as to blunt its point. Now what can that man have to do in such a hat and coat, fit only for a Lord Mayor's show? and such a shillaleh with its silver head, "wouldn't it be after delighting the boys of Kilkenny? and och! such a charmer for giving the loving knock down at Donnybrook Fair!" When we cannot see the utility and consistency of a thing, we never stop to hear a harangue about custom and precedent, and fiddle-stick and mustard; we keep to the needless expense and vain folly of the beadle's clothes. We say expense; for at our left-hand lies the churchwarden's account for the

past year, in which we see—item—Beadle's Hat, 2*l.* 10*s.* Our hat, a good one, and covering a gentlemanly head, costs only 1*l.* 2*s.*—a beadle's should be about 12*s.*, and that's liberal as times go. We can't afford to treat the drones as we used, now that the honey is so small in quantity compared with the number of the bees. A decent suit of black at about 4*l.* or 4*l.* 10*s.* (not 7*l.*), and hat as above, would make a respectable-looking beadle; and as for the silver-headed shillaleh, why we don't see the "fun of that;" a plain black wand would do quite as well, if it is part of his creed to carry a stick; but we never could perceive its use. We remember well that the beadle of the parish church where we spent the Sundays of our boyhood, was wont to find a nice small cane far more portably fitted for tickling the pericraniums of sleeping or risible urchins; certainly the aforesaid staff (which we verily believe to have been imported from Ireland, with the exception of the silver head, which they dispense with there) is a more formidable-looking weapon, but the boys will sleep, in spite and defiance of the sour looks, thick stick, cock-hat, laced-coat and all, of the bolt-upright and consequential man of office. When we see the procession move up the aisle, first our man of lace, then the parson, and, in the rear, Amen; when we see the lackey open and shut the pulpit door, staff in hand, we cannot command our mind; it flees from the preacher, and dwells upon "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world." It flees to the vale where, in loveliness and beauty, stands our own loved parish church; it brings back the Sabbath morn—we hear the unmusical, yet to us hallowed toll of the old cracked bell; we walk up to the door by the well-known path; we see around us the happy rustic faces of neighbours and of friends;—we enter, the bell is silent, the Morning Hymn is sung, without an organ's swell to aid the fervour of devotion; a figure walks up the aisle, not with the step of affectation or the look of pride, but with the steady tread of one who thinks no eye regards him, and the face of happiness and content; no one precedes him to open the door of his reading desk—he is his own servant in the house where all come to "humble themselves before God." Our sole attention is directed towards him who appears before us the humble-spirited messenger of a religion whose great Head was "meek and lowly in spirit"—

Truth from his lips proceeds with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff, remain to pray.

These may be, perhaps are, trifles; but as the world of matter is made up of atoms, so the pains and pleasures, the evil and good of this world, spring from trifles. The mountain and the mole-hill are formed alike by the aggregation of atoms—the summit of human happiness, and the depth of human misery, are often alike the effects of a combination of trifles—*via illustration.*

In a snug little parlour, before a clean hearth and a blazing fire, sat a goodly pair, past the meridian of life. The snow of age had begun to besprinkle the head of the male, and the wife, though younger, bore some tokens of the march of time: they were both ruddy, and inclined to corpulency. On the table stood a bottle of rum, two tumblers, a pitcher of warm water, and a basin of sugar; in short, peeping into their sanctum, we must have exclaimed—"There sits a 'warm pair!'"

"I am so happy," said Mrs. B—— to her good man, "so happy; for

do you know, Bill has said mamma to-day, for the first time." "What a trifle to be so overjoyed about!" said her weather-beaten partner: "By G—d, I wish Harry may weather this gale, it blows from the north-east like the very devil." "Let us hope the best," replied his smiling partner. "Well, Hannah, here's Bill's health, he's the last; we're too old to have any more, you know."

This couple had one son, grown up to man's estate, who was then on a voyage from America, and an infant boy, which had been given them late in life. This boy grew up the idol of his parents, and was apprenticed to a draper, his fond old mother resisting every effort of his to go to sea. His father took him, for pleasure, on a summer voyage to London: he was then seventeen. One evening they met with a captain, who was boasting of the superior speed of his vessel in sailing, and exulting that he had beat the father of our hero "hollow." "That could not have been the case," retorted the youngster with warmth, "if father had carried as much sail as you." "Bill, you shouldn't be put out by such trifles," said his father. "Trifle or no trifle, I will be one day master of that ship, and I'll be d—d if anything shall beat her." From that moment his mind seemed to have taken its permanent bias. During the remainder of his irksome apprenticeship every leisure hour was spent upon the water; and the pride of his heart was to pass every other competitor in boat-sailing, by carrying sail in weather in which no one else could venture to do it;—"fatal fondness." We cannot remember even now, after the lapse of years, without trembling, the narrow escape from death which we once had, when we were carried far out to sea in a frail boat, and overtaken in a gale, with this enthusiast. At the age of twenty-four his ardent wish was realized, and he found himself captain of the brig he had so long sighed for. A few months saw the vessel so altered that his old father, who had commanded her forty years, scarcely knew her. The masts were heightened, altered and re-altered, the yards lengthened, and every plan tried to increase her speed, till it was found that no craft from the same port could keep company with her on a voyage. But the secret of her swiftness was in the fact of her daring master carrying sail in weather when others were content to drive under bare masts. We have been with him, and have put out to sea, when others dared not leave the harbour: we have careered over a boiling sea in the darkest night, when our only light was the phosphoric brightness of the broken waves, as our bark cut through their very centre, and cast them on each side of her, like two mountains of liquid silver. Amid the howling of the wind and the angry roar of the ocean, the hoarse loud voices of the sailors, and the crackling of the masts, bending like willow twigs, the spirit of the enthusiastic young man seemed in its native element, the eye sparkled, the head was erected, and the feet trod the deck with a measured step of conscious dignity. We have trembled in the cabin at the mingled sounds of confusion, and at the recollection that there was but a two-inch board between us and death; but when we peeped upon deck, and saw the composure of that face, our fears vanished; for we felt as if where he was danger could not come.

It was the custom of our hero when in harbour, to take frequent excursions in a boat, which he had fitted up after his own plan, for quick sailing; and for which he had sails so large as frequently to draw a cau-

tion from the aged, to "beware how he carried them on a thing so small." But advice which thwarted his all-absorbing passion was totally unregarded.

It was a serene and beautiful morning in the summer of 1832; a number of English vessels were riding at anchor in Helvoetsluys,—among the rest the brig. The sun shone bright, high in the heavens. Many a little bark was gliding over the peaceful water; and through many a lattice the gleams of sunshine fell upon scenes of domestic happiness in the island of Vooru. "Tis a nice morning," said Captain B—— to his mate, after breakfast; "tell Ralph and the boy to get out the boat, and I'll have a cruise." "Ralph, sir," replied the mate, "was going to mend the sail we split the other night." "Well, let him do it; the boy and I will go alone,—we don't stick about trifles," said the captain, with a good-natured smile. An hour after saw his boat, with her tall mast and huge sails, creeping slowly and stately over the glassy surface of the deep. He had been absent an hour, and a brisk breeze had sprung up; he was seen returning with as much sail set as when he left, and driving with fearful rapidity over a rising sea. The wind came in gusts,—no sail was taken in; a dark cloud shrouded the sun, and the waves beat noisily the side of the ship: the order was given, "Get out the ladder for the master." He had reached within a quarter of a mile of his destination, when a gust of wind almost carried the keel out of the water; "Let go your jib, boy," was the sudden and hasty command; but before the poor lad could obey, another gust filled the sail, and carried the frail bark headlong downwards into the very bosom of a rising wave. She filled,—the keel turned bottom up,—the boy clung to it, and was saved—the master had disappeared. 'Twas the work of a moment—the mere sporting of the summer wind,—"a thing so trifling" as not to trouble for a second one out of a million among mankind; and yet there perished as kind a being as any on earth, and sorrow and desolation found its way into a happy family. Among the crew there was but one who seemed to feel deeply the loss of his master; it was an orphan lad of sixteen, whom he had taken on board a year before, from motives of charity. The boy had something superior about him, and soon gained the favour of the captain. The sailors nicknamed him "*the philosopher*." He had never touched upon the classic shores of Greece, gazed upon the Parnassian mount, or tasted of the sacred fountain, yet he was the creature of imagination. True, he remembered, when a mere child, that his father, returning from a long voyage, once brought home with him a bottle of "something good," which, he said, "John should taste;" but his mother insisted that he must only have his "lips wetted with the tip of her finger," and so it was. Now, whether this was a drop of real Jamaica, or a vial of true Castilian, he knew not, nor do I—certain it is, the boy was no ordinary one. Sad, dejected, and alone, he paced the deck, lamenting the death of his best earthly friend, and recounting to himself, one by one, benefits received. He sat him down upon the end of the windlass, and mused upon the nothingness of life. From an hour's soliloquy he was startled by the evening gun of a man-of-war that lay near;—'twas sunset. He fell again into his reverie; the moon rose cloudless and bright, the dusky fires of Helvoetsluys flickered up in the distance; suddenly he thought a glare of light, as if from a hundred torches, shot up through the clear deep, and he heard a strain



of delightful melody. He turned his head to view the party from whom the song proceeded, expecting to see a boat full of Dutch damsels passing the vessels : but no—he listened ; the song was in his vernacular tongue—the voices were sweeter than those of the daughters of earth, and seemed to come from the illuminated circle in the water. The sweet sounds became louder, and he caught the words,—

Downwards—downwards ! descend—descend !  
Thy footsteps to our bright plains bend :  
The pearl and diamond deck our floor,  
And happiness reigns o'er our open door.

Come, speed thee—haste through the deep blue sea,  
We have made a bridal bed for thee ;  
And stern Neptune smiles in his heart to know  
That another is come to the brave below.

Here are comrades such as will joy thy heart,—  
'Tis a pity such comrades should ever part ;  
Then quick descend, for the feast is spread,  
And our monarch waits for the honest dead.

When you come, thy name will be toasted round,  
Through the chambers of sapphire thy worth resound :  
The dastard soul o'er the waves may creep—  
'Tis the good alone we seek and keep.

Then, haste thee, honest, good, and true !  
The maidens of Ocean are waiting for you ;  
Thy pale, fair form, for a while we retain,  
But the spirit of good will not remain.

Upwards—upwards, 'twill flee—'twill flee,  
Whether 'tis loosen'd by land or sea ;  
And earth or ocean retain the urn ;  
The soul is gone, and will not return.

The song ceased ; there was a joyous shout, as if the being of whom they sung had reached their habitation ; there was a clanging noise, as of the closing of huge portals, the light vanished, and all was still. " What ! not a-bed, Tom ? " cried the mate, with the voice of a Stentor, as he mounted the gangway, with his red cap on his head, and his treasured pipe in his mouth. " The philosopher's " dream was broken ; he arose from his seat, and crept down to his hammock, chill and sorrowful. As he descended, he heard the rude seaman grumble, " D—n the boy, he's always a looking a'ter them 'ere tarnation stars."

Farewell, thou loved enthusiast ! When good-nature is spoken of,—when kindness of heart is commended, and honesty applauded, I will look around among my friends for one in whom all these virtues are concentrated, and then will I think of thee.

J. C. W. D.



*The Curse of Paper-Money and Banking ; or, a short History of Banking in the United States of America.* By WILLIAM M. GOUGE, of Philadelphia. To which is prefixed an Introduction, by WILLIAM COBBETT, M. P. for OLDHAM. 1 Vol. 12mo. London, 1833.

THIS is one of the most interesting books to an Englishman who has paid any attention to the "Paper-Money and Banking" system of his own country that ever issued from the press. Herein he will find the withering effects of paper-money portrayed in their most hideous forms ; not in general descriptions, but by a narrative of authentic facts. He will see its workings in the United States, and, as he proceeds, will be able to compare the effects produced in that country, with those which he has witnessed in his own ; and as he will inevitably arrive at the conclusion, that the "Curse of Paper-Money" is rapidly approaching the period of its dissolution, he will see in the prospect of relief to the suffering millions ample consolation for the temporary distress which will befall the now luxurious thousands.

Connected as this country is with America, the changes in the paper-affairs of the one must necessarily affect those of the other : reason tells us this ; but our author has proved by facts and arguments unanswerable that it is so ; and he has shown us, that, in America, as we know it has frequently happened here, the system has escaped sudden destruction by some accidental circumstance. The triumph of the advocates of paper-money in the struggle which they are now engaged in with the government of America, would be the greatest calamity that could befall the civilized world. It would assuredly produce the overthrow of that government, which has been justly held up to the admiration of mankind, and has been considered by many as an improvement upon that which has been called the "perfection of human wisdom." The mere fact that such a government—a government which, with the exception of its tolerating this "curse," really represents the people ; the mere fact that such a government as this is endangered by the hostility of the vultures of paper-money, roused by its attempts to set bounds to their cravings, is enough to excite alarm amongst the friends of freedom, not only in America, but in every part of the civilized world. Here, if it depended upon the people, the system would last for ever. Even many of the *Reformers* are as much attached to the paper as the factions themselves. Nay, some Reformers recommend the total banishment of gold, and the substitution of paper.

The present struggle in America is, therefore, of the deepest interest to us : we mean to the great body of the English people ; for the success of the President, in his endeavours to check the career of the paper-money makers, as it would annihilate in a short time the power of the usurers in America, would be such a blow to our own system in its present state of decrepitude, as it would probably never get over. Indeed, if no external violence assail it, our system cannot be upheld much longer : it is now suffering under the effects of the stimulants which the Reformed Parliament applied to it : the legal-tender scheme has failed to give relief to the sinking part of the community ; and the last ray of

hope seems to have departed from those who were foolish enough to put their trust in the wisdom and honesty of the Whigs.

The effects produced by the paper-money in America, are so nearly like those which it has produced here, that many passages of Mr. GOUGE's book would apply as well to this country as to his own. In a speech which the Duke of WELLINGTON made about six years ago, when he was advocating the suppression of the one-pound notes, in answer to those who contended that the small notes were necessary to keep up the circulation to what they called "the wants of the community," his Grace observed, that there was an abundance of unemployed capital, and that the high price of the *funds* showed that there was no want of money. Let his Grace read the following passage, and he will see that "capitalists" may be unable to find employment for their "capital" whilst the community is plunged into the deepest distress: an anomaly, be it remembered, that can exist only where there is a vile paper-money.

"The capitalists of New York made great complaint in March of the difficulty they found in investing their funds; though, at this very time, the country papers were teeming with advertisements by the sheriff; and *three hundred and fifty persons* in Baltimore made application, in the month of May, for the benefit of the insolvent laws of Maryland. A tradesman in Philadelphia advertised for a shop-boy, and fifty applications were made for the place in three days. The building of a new ship excited quite a sensation, as something out of the common order of things. The fear of monied men to embark in new enterprises *left many labouring people without employment*. Solvent men had little disposition to borrow, for they could not tell if prices had yet reached their lowest limit, or form a satisfactory conclusion as to the state of affairs in coming years."

Those who see in the Bank of England a mere state machine, and deprecate its connexion with the Government as ruinous to the interests of the community at large, will find their views fully corroborated in the following passage:—

"It is certain that the evils produced by paper-money banks are greatly increased by the dealings of these institutions with Government. The transactions are so large as usually to derange the regular train of mercantile operations. The heavy deposits of Government enable the banks, at times, to extend their discounts further than is proper. Their payment of these deposits, and the making of heavy loans to Government, usually compel them to curtail their accommodations to men of business."

It has puzzled a great many persons to account for the squabbles that have taken place between our Government and *our* Bank relative to the debt which the former owes to the latter. It seemed an odd thing that a Government having a surplus revenue should, at the end of nearly twenty years of peace, be in debt to its banker; and, that it should never seem to entertain the thought of discharging the debt; though nothing could be more easy than to do it by raising a public loan, and adding the amount of that loan to the permanent national debt. When, however, the Report of the Bank Committee came out, it was ascertained that the principal part of the bank-paper in circulation had been lent to the Government; and that it formed, indeed, the basis of the whole circulation of the country. In the work before us, we have some curious facts and speculations, relative to the connexion between the Government

and the Bank of the United States, and to the pernicious influence which that connexion has upon the affairs of the people. The following passage is quoted by Mr. GOUGE from a publication by Mr. BIDDLE, the President of the United States Bank; and it gives an account of the means adopted in that country to avert the consequences of the *panic* which raged there as it raged here at the close of the year 1825.

"Mr. Biddle, the President of the United States Bank, says, 'The fall of 1825 was probably the most disastrous period in the financial history of England. It was then that the wild speculations in the American mines, and the still wilder speculations in American cottons, recoiled upon England, and spread over it extensive ruin. In the midst of this suffering it required little to produce a panic, and accordingly there ensued a state of dismay which, for a time, threatened to involve all interests in confusion. There was, probably, at no period of English history, so intense and general a distress as there was in December, 1825.'

"Now, the very same storm which thus broke on England passed over this country a few weeks before; it was on the eve of producing precisely the same results; and certainly I have never felt any uneasiness about the banks of this country except on that occasion. Just as the difficulties were commencing the Government paid off, on the 1st of October, a loan of seven millions, of which 3,366,761 dollars 64 cents were payable in Philadelphia. The payment of this sum by the bank of course diminished its means for active business, and brought it largely in debt to the state banks both of Philadelphia and New York. It became, therefore, an object of extreme solicitude to prepare for the relief of the community, and provide for the danger which was obviously approaching.

"The first object of the bank was to relieve itself from the debt which the payment of the seven millions threw upon it. Accordingly, it began by making sales of its funded debt and bank stock at New York, and Boston, and Philadelphia, amounting, in the month of October, to 1,828,210 dollars 19 cents in funded debt alone, and by husbanding all its means until it could place itself in a state of perfect security.

"By the 1st of November the bank was extricated from debt, and continued daily to strengthen itself. In the midst of the difficulties of the community two circumstances contributed to increase them: the one was a heavy demand for specie, for the use of the British army in Canada; the other was of similar demand for specie, to pay the instalments of a new bank then recently established at New Orleans. This want was to be supplied before any ease could be extended to the community, and it was pressing with extreme urgency. The effect of it was to inspire a general distrust and alarm, and, by the middle of November, all the indications, which it was impossible to mistake, denoted an approaching panic, which would have been fatal to the country. If the strength and wealth of England could not withstand such an alarm, its effects on this country would have been incalculable. That moment seemed to me to be the very crisis of the country, to be met only by some decided and resolute step to rally the confidence of the community. In such a situation I did not hesitate on the course which my duty prescribed. I went immediately to New York, where I sought the gentleman who was preparing to draw specie from the banks of Philadelphia, in order to send it to New Orleans, and gave him drafts on that city. These drafts were not given to protect the bank itself, which was then a creditor of the Philadelphia banks for more than the amount of them, but they were employed to arrest from these city banks a drain which could not fail to embarrass them. I then endeavoured to ascertain the real state of things, by separating the danger from the alarm, and having done so, on the 22nd of November the letter annexed was addressed to the branch at New York, suggesting the propriety of increasing its loans.

"From this moment confidence revived, and the danger passed. I then thought, and still think, that this measure, the increase of the loans of the banks, in the face of an approaching panic, could alone have averted the same consequences which, in a few days afterwards, were operating with such fatal effect upon England. I have never doubted that the delay of a week would have been of infinite injury, and the prompt interposition of the bank was the occasion of protecting the country from a general calamity."

If any but the most serious emotions could be excited on an occasion like this, one should be inclined to laugh at the grave manner in which this gentleman takes credit for the Bank for having rescued the country from a calamity which its own conduct had produced. Mr. BIDDLE's statement reminds us of Mr. HARMAN's story about the box of one-pound notes, the lucky finding of which, during the *panic* in December, 1825, saved the Bank of England, and *England too!*

It is one of the most unhappy circumstances in our situation that the mass of the people seem to be totally ignorant of the nature of paper-money. It is regarded by them as necessary to our very existence as a nation; and every one who has endeavoured to produce a just way of thinking on the subject has been stigmatized as an enemy of the prosperity and happiness of his country. The press, being almost wholly either in the pay or under the influence of those who were profiting from the paper-money fraud, has constantly aided the delusion. No chance, therefore, seems to remain of our ever being relieved from the incubus, without some violent shock causing mischief arising out of the workings of the system. Those workings are now producing *fires* all over the country; combinations of the working people against their employers; the ruin of merchants, manufacturers, and traders, and an almost constant dread of *another panic*. This is our state. With respect to the state and prospects of our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. GOUGE says—

"For the salvation of the country we must look to the farmers and mechanics. The mercantile classes are so entangled in the meshes of the banks that they cannot yield much assistance. For similar reasons, little must be expected from public journals in the towns where banks are in operation. If the editors are not in debt to these institutions, they are dependent, in a great degree, on the patronage of the bank interest for support; and it would be unreasonable to wish them to sacrifice the means of subsistence of themselves and families to promote a public object, while the great body of the public is disposed to make no sacrifice at all."

The following appeal to "men of property" is very well worthy of the attention of that description of persons here. It has been one of the most successful means by which the friends of corruption have been enabled to support their system, to appeal to the *fears* of "men of property" whenever the mass of the people, goaded by distress, have shown a disposition to demand relief from their oppressors. Men possessed of property *fairly acquired* have nothing to fear from the people: the people know that their true interest lies in preserving inviolate such property; and their sense of justice will not permit them to imitate the conduct of those who regard neither the sacredness of property nor life where their own selfish objects require the sacrifice of either.

"There are reasons, besides those which spring from patriotic motives, which should make men of property very desirous to see the foundation laid of a system of sound credit and sound currency. They now hold their wealth by a very uncertain tenure. It may pass from them as rapidly as it came to them. In one respect the comparison of paper banking with steam power is an apt one. The danger of an explosion is very great, and the effects of an explosion would be tremendous."

We forbear to multiply our extracts from this book, not doubting that what we have already laid before our readers will be sufficient to induce those who have not already possessed themselves of the work to do so



without delay. No Political Union, no association of the industrious classes, should be without this book, which exhibits a mass of systematic fraud such as never was carried on in any country before, and such as could not be perpetrated by any other means than that of a vile *Paper-Money*.

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## THE POLES.

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WE are happy to aid as far as we can in giving publicity to the following circular. In a former number, we had occasion to speak of the cause of the Poles, and to notice the views taken upon this subject by LORD DUDLEY STUART, whose speech, at the Freemasons Hall, appeared to us to be more worthy of attention, because more sensible, than any thing we had met with from other quarters.

“ LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF THE FRIENDS OF POLAND.

“ *Sussex Chambers, Duke-street, St. James's, Nov. 29, 1833.*

“ At a Special Meeting of the Council, held at the Chambers of the Association, on the 8th of November, 1833,

“ LORD DUDLEY STUART, M.P., in the Chair.

“ Resolved unanimously,—That, in the opinion of this Meeting, it is expedient to convey to the brave and suffering Polish nation, the abhorrence that Englishmen feel at the injustice and atrocities perpetrated by the Russian Autocrat on a brave and unoffending people, whose independence is of so much importance to European security and civilization.

“ Resolved unanimously,—That the best means whereby to promote the above object, will be to translate and print in the Polish language, for circulation in Poland, the debate of the British Legislature during the last session of Parliament, on Mr. Cutlar Ferguson's motion on the wrongs of that unhappy country; and, for enabling the Council to execute that intention, a printed circular be sent to each member of the House of Commons who divided in favour of that gentleman's proposition, requesting their pecuniary assistance to defray the expenses.

“ K. F. H. Mackenzie, Hon. Sec.

“ Subscriptions are received at the Chambers of the Association, and at the banking-houses of Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., 43, Charing-cross; Messrs. Prescott, Grote, and Co., Threadneedle-street; and by the Collector, Mr. Henry Rodwell, 66, Great Portland-street, Cavendish-square.”

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LORD DURHAM:

CRIMINAL INFORMATION, AND WEATHERCOCK POLITICS.

A GREAT deal has been said of late respecting this nobleman with reference to matters criminal and political; and so much importance has been attached, by one party and by another, to the man in connexion with the matters, that even we think it necessary to step in and have our say.

It appears that, on the 18th of last November, the Solicitor-General, on the part of Lord DURHAM, moved the Court of King's Bench for a rule to show cause why a *criminal information* should not be filed against the printer, publisher, and sole proprietor of the *Newcastle Journal*, for words relative to his Lordship which had appeared in that paper on the 28th of September. The Court granted the rule, and the Solicitor General is reported to have remarked, in making his application, that "it was with the greatest reluctance that Lord DURHAM made this application, but when facts which, if true, would be most discreditable to his Lordship, were stated in public newspapers—facts which were untrue, and which must have been known to be untrue by the person who published them—Lord DURHAM felt he *had no alternative but to apply to the Court for its interference and protection*. This application was made in a shape in which the truth or falsehood of the charges might come before the Court, because a prosecutor, on applying for a criminal information, was *bound to deny the truth of the charges made*."

There are others, we understand, besides the *Newcastle Journal*, who have been put upon their defence, in a similar way, for the same offence against Lord DURHAM. To quote the noxious paragraph here would, of course, be running the risk of being lugged in among the number. Suffice it to inform our readers, that the dire offence to Lord DURHAM's character, which required interference and protection from the Court of King's Bench, consists of some observations seriously disapproving of the colour of a flag which was presumed to have been stuck at the mast-head of Lord DURHAM's pleasure-boat!

Before we say a word on the question of the grievance in this particular case, let us consider what is the nature of that proceeding by which the party here aggrieved has chosen to seek a remedy. The Solicitor-General could hardly have ground for asserting that Lord DURHAM had "no alternative;" because there were, as all the world knows, other ways of going to law than the one he has resorted to. Lord DURHAM might, if he pleased, have sought damages by action; and he might also, by a bill of indictment, have left it to twelve grand-jurymen to say whether this "libel" was a fit matter to be brought before a court for the punishing of crimes. He *had*, then, his alternative, as much as other people. But he had also his *choice*; and Lord DURHAM chose to proceed in the mode adopted.

The public in general, who are not in the habit of turning over law-books, have but a confused idea of *criminal informations*. This species of proceeding is of very ancient date. In its very origin, it was a proceeding at the immediate instance of the king himself only, but afterwards became, in a variety of ways, a famous instrument with which one part of his subjects could persecute another in his name. According to one of our authorities, one in deserved high estimation though a high Tory, *information*, as appertaining to criminal law, was nothing more or less than a violent stretch of that "*surmise*" or "*suggestion*" upon which the Court of Exchequer proceeded in matters affecting the king's revenue.\* The Court of King's Bench is the quarter to be applied to for liberty to proceed by criminal information, because that court is by the common law considered as the *guardian of the nation's morals*, and in that capacity possesses the power of permitting or prohibiting proceedings in this form. And so great is the power of that court in such matters, that it is bound by no rules on which to grant or refuse, except its own decisions. The question is not what this court can do, but what it will or will not do, as respects a criminal information. Those rules of its own laying down,

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\* REEVES, *History of the English Law*, Vol. ii, 424, and Vol. iii, 94.

upon the applications of the King's subjects to this court, have for the most part been made of latter ages ; and one of them is, that though it will (at its own discretion, upon considering the circumstances of the case) grant an information for a libel upon a subject, it will do so only with an understanding that the libel is a *falsehood*. There is no positive rule as to what classes of persons may expect such a thing to be granted them ; and to know whether the circumstances of your case be sufficient to warrant your hopes in applying, you have nothing to guide you but a comparison of your own case with others on which decisions may have before taken place. Suppose, for example, that it is the case of a Whig, who would crave the court's aid to be revenged on a Tory, for having, in a party squabble, questioned his fair fame : here, probably, the nearest parallel case recorded in the law-books would be that in which the judges unanimously resolved *that they would not grant an information in favour of one cheat against another cheat*. (Burrows, 548.)

Seeing, then, that any one is at liberty to apply to the court, and that, in cases of libel, the party applying must make affidavit of the charge being a false one ; and moreover, that by act of parliament no process can issue on an information until security be given to prosecute it with effect ; seeing this, it is natural to ask why so much hubbub should be raised because Lord DURHAM sought a criminal information. *Criminal information* happens to be an ill-sounding phrase ; it is so because this mode of proceeding has, in different ways, been identified with most cruel abuses. There is, too, an air of importance about it which does not belong to a common indictment : it gives *éclat* ; and it is this very *éclat* that renders it desirable to the applicant. The law allows him, whatever be his station in life, to go to the court and to offer there to make oath that the statement of his accuser is a *falsehood*. This he might do elsewhere ; but not with the same effect, not with the same notoriety. The law is so far available to every man ; and while the law exists, there can surely be no harm in any man's taking advantage of it *so far*. Very different, indeed, is the case of Lord DURHAM from such cases as that of Mr. Alderman *Winchester* and Mr. *Briggs* against the *True Sun*. In Lord DURHAM's no bones are as yet broken ; most likely he does not intend to proceed any farther, if he be, as his eulogists say he is, a man of sense and real dignity. The case of Alderman *Winchester* and Mr. *Briggs*, where the law of information has been carried into all possible effect, is quite another thing ; because in that the prosecutors have not only sworn that the charge of defrauding brought against them was not true, but they have also proceeded to obtain redress for the charge in such a way, that if they had perjured themselves when attesting their innocence with their oaths, the defendants would not have been allowed

to prove the perjury ! This is something to be afraid of, we confess. Here the sinews of John Bull's libel-law are strong with a vengeance. Here you hear the *bones* crack. Mr. Alderman *Winchester* and Mr. *Briggs* swore, we suppose, that they were not defrauders. Very well, they were not guilty of defrauding. But, suppose they had been guilty ; what man capable of committing a fraud on his neighbour is not capable of asserting his innocence by a false oath ? Suppose they had been guilty, and that it could be shown they had added the guilt of perjury in order to declare their innocence of the primary offence, will it be called just that they should be suffered to come into a Court in which is reposed the guardianship of the nation's morals, there to commit one crime as a means of prosecuting to conviction and punishment those who had accused them of another crime of which they were *guilty* ? Mark well the words of Sir James SCARLETT in his speech for the prosecution against the *True Sun*. " The Jury were aware that, previous to a criminal information being granted for a libel, the defendant had always an opportunity of justifying it on oath." Now, mark well these words ; for, here we have CRIMINAL INFORMATION undertaking to defend itself unasked, because feeling, as it always does when before a jury, what scandalous signs of imposture it bears upon its front ! But only mark this defence ; mark how worthy the defence is of the conscious criminal—how nicely consistent the false reasoning of CRIMINAL INFORMATION when obliged to confess itself guilty of strangling truth. " The defendant has always an opportunity of justifying it (the libel) on oath." How justifying—where—before whom—in submission to whose judgment ? Why, on an affidavit, in the Court of King's Bench, before judges without a jury, and those judges alone to decide ; in a word, by trial *by judge*, instead of trial *by jury* ! Well, then, if it be a merit in CRIMINAL INFORMATION that it does not proceed without considering *facts*, and giving " always an opportunity of justifying (relying on *facts*, of course) on oath ;" if matter of *fact* is admissible, and acknowledged to be *material*, as evidence whereby to justify ; and if, when all comes before a jury, the judge is obliged by the law to say—" Gentlemen of the jury, though the *facts* in this case are of the utmost importance to the defendant for his defence, you can have nothing to do with them ; for I and my learned associates of the bench have already legally decided upon them without consulting any such persons as you, and you must, as respects all such *facts*, be bound by our decision"—if, we say, this is at once English law and true justice, let us not so far sink all common sense in our admiration of a "*palladium*" as to call proceedings in this fashion "*trial by Jury*." No : granting that it is right and just, not only to suffer the *éclat* of an oath of inno-



cence by the really guilty, but also, when the really innocent come to be tried on a charge of malice before a jury, to cast upon them that weight of prejudice which has been created by a judge's previous sentence on the charge of *falsehood*; granting this to be right and just, it is surely a gross misapplication of terms to style such a way of going to work "*trial by Jury*."

The Lord Chief Justice, in the case of the *True Sun*, made some general observations on the doctrine of truth being libellous. With them, as general observations, all must concur; because, *libel* and *falsehood* are not two words of one meaning, and there are, undoubtedly, cases in which the exposure of the most obvious truths would deserve severe punishment. But, in allowing this, we do not contemplate such a case as that of the *True Sun*; much less do we allow that the trial in that case was trial by jury. Criminal information, as exhibited in that case, and as it would again exhibit itself with Lord DURHAM, if, by such a force, he should defend his *flag* to the last; criminal information, when it proceeds to the last extremity, when it begins to break bones, is more than an anomaly in law; it is a perfect outrage to reason. It is itself the greatest of libels, according to the principles of all the rest of our jurisprudence; for, by being associated with the rest, and bearing the worst of character on its own face, all that goes with it as a part must share its disgrace: the greatest libel, therefore, that can be conceived, because a gross, a most insulting libel on the law of this country; relying upon falsehood, or, upon what is the same thing in amount, a suppression of truth; bringing you to a criminal bar, there to repel the charge of malicious statement, or failing to do that, there to be fined or thence sent off to a prison: bringing you to this test, and into this jeopardy if you cannot stand the test; testing you by *fact*, the facts *for you* to be cast aside while those *against you* are heaped in the scale; depriving you of all the most important means of defence as the first move towards your destruction; insidious to get you into its coils, and insuperable having there gotten you,—one is driven into the wilderness in search of another monster to put in comparison with this *boa constrictor* of criminal proceedings.

With respect to the particular case of Lord DURHAM: how can it possibly signify to us what was his taste in *flags*? We happen to know but little of Lord DURHAM; and as far as we have seen, we know him only as a nobleman of high *pride*. Though the colour of his flag must, we should think, be of no more consequence to the people than that of his coat or of his cravat, there may still be some reason for the proceeding in which he has thought proper to embark against the press. Lord DURHAM is a *proud* man. No wound is so cruelly severe as that which causes mortifi-



cation to *pride*. When a proud man receives a cut to his pride, he feels that he has no right to expect that sympathy from others which would be afforded to people holding themselves in less high esteem. The wounds of comparative humility are to be healed, or the pain they occasion may be assuaged, by philosophy and by the reflection that the wounder would be regarded among the rest of men as a common enemy. But otherwise with the proud; the proud man's grief is of the most disconsolate kind; his sore place is all his own. Hence, probably, Lord DURHAM's application for "interference and protection." But we are not about to libel this nobleman, any more than we shall play the moth in the candle, by crying him up, as some have done, as one likely to save his country by radical reforms. We have no attacks to make on him; but, also, no motives for lauding the gods on his account. Acting, however, as moderators between rage on the one hand, and credulity on the other, we think it but just towards those who are attaching a character to Lord DURHAM which we never heard of his having assumed (that of *radical reformer*), to make an extract from the *Newcastle Chronicle* of the 9th of January, 1819, which forms part of the speech of a politician at a *Fox Dinner* when returning thanks to the company for the honour conferred upon him by their drinking the health of himself as "JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON."

" I will say that these radical reformers, these advocates of annual  
 " Parliaments and universal suffrage, with the word liberty in their  
 " mouths, and popular rights inscribed on their banners, have done more  
 " to contribute to the increase of slavery, and to the facility which the  
 " Minister found in suspending the most important of our rights, than  
 " ever would have been effected by the united powers of corruption and  
 " despotism. Associating with the lowest of the rabble, and calling to-  
 " gether, in mockery of solemn deliberation, those only whose passions  
 " had been excited by the pressure of severe penury and distress, and  
 " who were thus rendered incapable of calmly considering the ends they  
 " had in view, and the means by which they were instructed to obtain  
 " their object, they taught the people to distrust all public men—to  
 " place their faith, not on those whose principles had been regularly and  
 " faithfully cherished from one generation to another, and whose great  
 " stake in the country afforded the surest guarantee that they would  
 " only be employed for the public good, but on themselves, who could  
 " only rise by tumult and riot to the unnatural elevation that they now  
 " sought. They constantly urged the necessity of physical force, and  
 " the propriety of a state of life which never could be natural, even  
 " amongst savages. They wanted to establish a system which could only  
 " terminate in a complete despotism, or a confirmed anarchy. They  
 " claimed respect and obedience from the people, and then led them  
 " forth to the land of promise. What was the result? With the exer-  
 " tions of these leaders of the people on the one side, and the Govern-

“ment and their agents on the other, the *Habeas Corpus* Act was suspended, and the whole of England declared in a state of insurrection, and placed without the pale of the law. The late elections have, however, shown these *brawling, ignorant, but mischievous quacks*, that the true people of England hold no communion with them—that they consider *their cause and interests, and those of these demagogues, are wholly incompatible*—that the prosperity of the latter must entail adversity and suffering on the former, and that their doctrines and views are exposed to *universal derision and abhorrence*.”

Now, more than three lustra have passed off on the wings of time since the day of speaking this speech; and the speaker, as a *politician*, has surely had time enough to undergo more than three several purgations of conscience since his anti-radical oration; an oration which does not appear to have been materially misrepresented in the report above quoted, as Mr. HOBHOUSE (now Sir John), of “straightforward and manly fellow” fame, did, at the time, refer to this same report when giving the then Mr. LAMBTON, in white and black, a rather rough rubbing down in return for this his speech. Sir John being at that date a “manly fellow” with a different sort of *straightforwardness* from that which he has more latterly evinced, naturally took fire on seeing that the then Mr. LAMBTON, in speaking so uncivilly of radicals, made no exception in favour of the leaders of the order in *Westminster*! and he therefore pitched upon the now Lord DURHAM with the same indignation as seems to have prompted Lord DURHAM to vindicate his flag.—Lord DURHAM is, we have said, a *proud* man: as such only do we know any thing of him in any way. As respects his knowledge or his talents, we are not sufficiently acquainted with him to know whether he *can* do the radicals any good; and as to his love for their cause, the most definite expressions of his own uttering hitherto have been those above quoted, from which, as Mr. HOBHOUSE justly observed, we may infer that he likes not the cause at all: by lumping the radicals all together, without thinking any half dozen or even single one of them worth culling out for separate valuation, we must necessarily suppose his now Lordship then looked upon the whole as a *bad lot*.

As so much has been boasted of Lord DURHAM’s radical intentions, as he has been talked of as a new *premier*, and presuming that he will, like a “straightforward and manly fellow,” profess to be one of those who “turn neither to the right nor to the left,” it would be but fair to ask his radical eulogists whether they think him to be now the very opposite of what he was in 1819. We, we repeat, know nothing of him, excepting that he has, as respects the radicals, carried his head very high, to say the least; that he has been incomparably proud, or rather, contemptuous;

that he has treated the radicals *de haut en bas*, and their cause as the cause of vagabond conspirators and wretched and desperate disturbers of the State. Is Lord DURHAM then, in 1833, the same as Mr. LAMBTON was in 1819, or is Lord DURHAM just the opposite of Mr. LAMBTON, or has Lord DURHAM reconciled himself to some new "middle course"? We do not like your "middle-course" men. Theirs seems to be a principle according to which they may take any course whatever between extremes. Could the *precise point* indeed, or any thing like it, be settled upon with them, so that one might know near about the object they intended to point at, it might do. But there is a wide range for the weathercock politician; you may as well hope to keep the wind blowing always from one quarter, as depend on the steadiness of such a one, or calculate on his veerings. Perhaps Lord DURHAM thinks himself vilified in being thought a radical reformer; but if he does not, if he is now all that is said of him, he is also, he must confess, a great *libeller* of the radical cause. That cause has no means of obtaining "interference and protection" against him by such things as criminal informations; but he will, nevertheless, have grossly libelled it if he be now about to seek laurels as its champion. Therefore, before we can expect any *radical* good from Lord DURHAM, we must have proof, of his own affording, that he *is a radical*. We shall not call him weathercock merely because he turns, though he should, from that point at which he was in 1819, have half boxed the compass and that all in an instant; for he may be conscientious in so doing. Only he will have betrayed himself to be a libeller; and good-nature does not require you so far to forget what is due to your honour as to shake hands with a man who has called you *thief* without first seeing him swallow his ugly word. If, like the poet when alluding to acts of folly of which he felt repentant, the politician would say,

"I was not then the man that I am now"—

let the politician only say so.

Having had occasion to refer to the above-mentioned *Fox dinner*, we cannot entirely confine our quotation to the speech of Mr. LAMBTON. We *must* extract a few words from another speech. The temptation is too great to be withstood. To heighten the entertainment, we should like to insert it as a puzzle, leaving the name of him who made it out, and to challenge all the world to think who. But as events subsequent to this speech would make the speaker's name all but impossible to guess, be it known that the following words, on the subject of the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, are those which 114 gentlemen listened to from the mouth of Lord GREY.

“ Of the pretences under which that was suspended, I will not say any thing ; they have been seen through, exposed, and reprobated, I had almost said by all that were free, and honest, and virtuous in the country, but I am sure by a great majority of the people of England. (Applause.) Seen through, exposed, and reprobated, they have been, but they have not been *punished as they ought to have been in the persons of their authors.* (Applause.) Though we have now returned to the enjoyment of this law, *a precedent has been established almost equally fatal to the constitution ; for we know but too well how successfully such precedents are resorted to in times of irritation and alarm, and how sure the refuge they afford to the supporters of corruption, when their places are threatened by the growing discontents of the people ; how, by the repetition of such precedents, powers at first exclusively granted on the most pressing emergencies, by shades and degrees are applied to cases of minor expediency, till men become familiar with them, and from the facility of granting and the habit of enduring, a system of oppression is established, leaving no alternative but base endurance or forcible resistance.*”

Strong language this. Yet good, because strong in truth.

Well might you practise who so well can preach !—

exclaims a moralist. We cannot, of course, venture to make any comparisons between this preaching and those practices of the preacher which have followed it. Prudence says, Take care ; therefore, let our readers make applications of principle to practice for themselves. In going through this piece of sound doctrine of Lord Grey's, we could not help thinking of other things too, such as Coercion Bills and newly-improved modes by which juries may be dispensed with, and Irishmen, charged with crimes, be tried by courts-martial ! But to say more would be superfluous, and little more than we have already said might be enough to lodge us in the coils of the great *boa*.\*

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\* “ *Boa Constrictor.* Plates of the belly about 240 ; of the tail 60. Inhabits India, and warm parts of America. Beautifully vari-gated with rhombic spots ; belly whitish ; is of vast strength and size, measuring sometimes *twelve yards long*, and by twisting itself round the bodies of deer, leopards, and other larger quadrupeds, *breaks the bones*, and after covering them over with slimy mucus, *gradually swallows them.*”—LINNÆUS, *System of Nature ; Amphibia, Order II.*



## BISHOPS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

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WE have, hitherto, in every question of politics on which we have presumed to say a word, endeavoured to appear at once open and honest. Not to be open, is, indeed, to be dishonest. But we have, also, when stating our opinions, stated them with due deference to the judgments of our superiors; and we shall, as respects this important question, do as we have done on former occasions.

Our opinion here is not wavering, though it may be wrong. It is decided: we are sorry to hear of those proceedings at Gateshead, the object of which, as we understand the report, is to make a first attack upon the House of Lords at a point where it is by far the *least vulnerable*. We are not among those who like to see the Church supported by such "pillars" only as are set up by the solicitation of a King's minister, or the intrigues of a royal mistress. But, supposing the elections of Bishops to be proper, we have no hesitation to declare, that in this country, which has a state established Church, the Bishops have at least as much claim to respect and confidence, that they are, at the very least, as members of the Upper House, as necessary to the state, as the other Lords. If the saying, "*Ordo Episcoporum robur reipublicæ*," be found to be not true, the whole of the *ordo Laicorum* with which the Bishops are associated in the House of Lords had better quickly prepare themselves with proofs to show what strength *they* afford to the nation. "Bishops," it has been said, "should not take part in matters of state." Why not; since the department over which they preside is a part of the state? Much better, it seems to us, that both they and their doings should appear in the House of Lords, than that, being hidden by obscurity, they should be perhaps more under the beck of corruption than a seat in the House can make them.

Probably we are letting out all we think, at a moment when some who would disagree with us have views *undeclared*. If so, any such advantage against us is unfair. There are some who have indeed been pretty open in their avowals. But there are a great many who would do their best towards effecting the whole of that, the greater part of which they profess not to aim at. What, then, are the propositions to be discussed; what is the end in view, and the *whole* of it: to undermine the Church in general—to remove only its main supports—to put an end to Bishops only—merely to make a hit at the hereditary Lords through the Bishops—or, to abolish the joint bunch, spiritual and temporal, altogether?

If the Church is now in danger, the danger is owing to the wisdom of the Whigs; the Whigs, who have been *pound-wise* for themselves and *penny-wise* for the people. What a faction has this been! What a new trait gained to the character of dishonesty revelling by the delusion of confidence—when those who became the pilots in the storm turn into pirates over a wreck of their own making, and, clinging on to the last, surviving all they had taken in charge, are half choked with a surfeit of plundering the sunk before their own noses are under water!

This is a matter of too much importance to be settled in a few words: we must shortly turn to it again.



## LINES:

*Suggested by the Singing of Birds in a Country Churchyard.*

BIRDS ! why sing ye here ?—see ye not  
Those sheep who are around you, and the spot  
Holds but the dead, forgetting and forgot ?

Birds ! why sing ye here ?—there are trees  
Elsewhere, by Spring made beautiful as these,  
And Summer's shades and gentle gales to please.

Why visit ye this spot ? serene  
And hushed should all around be in a scene  
Of grandeur past—pride humbled—pleasure been.

Be still, and warble not—for here,  
Sweet tho' your notes, they draw affection's tear,  
And Mourning's pain augment—then ah ! forbear.

## SONG FOR A COQUETTE.

O, WHERE is the girl just turn'd of seventeen,  
Who's got a face and figure that are worthy to be seen,  
Does'nt feel her heart most merry, and trebly sweet its glow,  
When she can boast of more than one poor silly beau ?

When men come flitting round her, in twos and sometimes threes,  
All sighing forth their vows, poor souls, and trembling in their knees,  
I hold that maiden then is one supremely blest,  
For she can flirt with all, and after choose the best.

Besides it is a pleasant thing those cruel men to tease,  
And have them do before they wed all that we women please,  
And make them, while they're lovers, e'en have a taste and share  
Of those most horrid fetters which their humble spouses wear.

But yet there is a middle path when a maiden plays the fool,  
And cautious she must ever be, lest lovers go and cool ;  
For if into the wrong excess she happen once to fall,  
The birds may fly off one by one until she lose them all.

W. L. H.

## PEPITA; A MEXICAN ANECDOTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE MARQUIS DE CHATEAUGIRON.

THE Marquis de Bevenuecho, his wife, daughters, Don Cæsar his intended son-in-law, a femme-de-chambre, and two male servants, occupied one of those hugh coaches drawn by ten mules, and guided by two postilions, which are frequently to be met with on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico. While this lumbering vehicle was descending one of the roughest defiles of the Pinlo, a violent jerk put its construction to so severe a test, as to threaten its entire ruin, unless repairs were immediately made. The travellers were, in consequence obliged to alight. What was to be done? The coachman informed them that they could reach, at a short distance from the spot, a *posada*, which, though certainly not much frequented, and greatly dilapidated, was still habitable, and where they might pass the night. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the whole party, escorting the coach, and bemoaning their misfortune, reached the gate of the *posada* at the moment of sunset. It was a desolate habitation, surrounded by broken walls, ruined towers, and gloomy pines, which gave it the air of a chateau of romance. Nevertheless, it occasionally served as a place of shelter for muleteers and their mules. The Marquis and his family took possession of a large chamber, in which their beds were prepared; the femme-de-chambre nestled as well as she could in a closet which resembled the cell of a convent; and the servants slept just where sleep happened to overtake them, and wrapped up in their cloaks.

But the heroine of our tale, the femme-de-chambre Pepita, had some suspicion that all was not right. In passing before a grated window, which opened upon the court, she fancied she had caught a glimpse of two flashing eyes, which instantly disappeared; and this incident was sufficient to excite her apprehensions. She retired, however, into her cell; she had no need of a light to find the wooden bench which had been prepared for her, and placing her mantle under her head, for a pillow, was about to close her eyes, when, casting them towards the ceiling of her little dormitory, she remarked a ray of light, which glimmered through the chinks of a wooden shutter. Using the utmost precaution, she raised herself silently upon a table which stood beneath the window, and, half withdrawing a curtain which hung before it, her eye peered into the adjoining room, within she saw two men sitting near a table, their faces turned from her, and lighted by a lamp which burned in a corner of the apartment. Pepita, a Quadroon by birth, had enough Spanish blood in her veins to give her great pretensions amongst her Indian compatriots. She was intelligent, faithful, courageous, and as resolute as Judith herself.

With a glance she took note of all things in the chamber. It was impossible to mistake the profession of these men, for Pepita saw before them an open chest, which she at once recognised as belonging to her master, and from which the bandits had drawn out the provisions and

plate which it contained. Both appeared to have done honour to the Marquis's wine, and were so much intoxicated, that she felt no apprehension of being detected by them. She continued, therefore, to observe their movements with anxious attention, and, at the same time, arranged the plan of operation, which she determined to pursue. For a moment she felt herself chilled by terror, when the words which she heard, conveyed to her the knowledge that the elder of the two was the famous Capador himself. She remembered at once that he was generally described as richly clothed, and carrying an axe; and the man before her had an axe resting between his legs, and wore a silk dress.

She learned, or rather half-guessed, from their broken conversation, that the band, of which they were the leaders, awaited in the forest for the signal which was to recall them; that this signal was to be given by a hunting horn, which she noticed in a corner of the apartment; and, that, upon their junction, the travellers were to be attacked. She saw, with joy, that the wine of the Marquis was gradually gaining the mastery over them; and, soon after, observing that they were buried in profound slumber, she quitted her cell, descended into the court, found out the door of the robbers' chamber, and opening it softly, made good her entry with admirable courage and presence of mind. She gained possession of the cloak, the hat, and the well-known hatchet of the chief, and also of the hunting horn, and carrying with her the lamp and her precious booty, contrived to effect her retreat into the court without accident. She now fastened the chamber of the bandits with the bolts which are often placed outside the doors of Mexican houses; then flung over her the cloak of the brigand, placed his hat upon her head, and resting the hatchet upon her left shoulder, took in her right hand the hunting horn; and, thus equipped, she sallied from the court. The night was totally dark. She reached the border of the pine wood, and, drawing a few low tones from the hunting horn, was immediately answered by a prolonged whistle. The moment was now come in which it was necessary for her to muster all her courage; for she saw a band of from ten to twelve men issuing from amongst the trees, and advancing in her direction. She retreated before them towards the house, contriving, with much address, to keep herself nearly hid within the shadow of the buildings, and letting herself be seen no more distinctly than was necessary to enable the robbers to follow her. When they were sufficiently near, she contrived to exhibit the glare of the axe which she carried, and enjoining silence with the motion of her hand, led the band into the court. In obedience to her sign, they entered silently into the large chamber adjoining the stable, and closing the door upon them, she drew the bolts so gently that the bandits could have no suspicion that they were imprisoned.

Then, without a moment's delay, the intrepid Pepita ran to the apartment of her master, and related to him the whole of her proceedings. We will not attempt to paint the surprise of the Marquis. Guided by the counsel of Pepita, he awakened Don Cæsar, who, mounted on one of the best mules, set off instantly for Acayete, to procure the assistance of a detachment of cavalry which was stationed in that village.

During his absence the Marquis and Pepita determined to watch their prisoners, and act as circumstances might require. They awakened the two domestics, and armed them.

On returning to the apartment of Gomez, and listening at the door, they found that the two chiefs had awaked, and were endeavouring to escape from their confinement. The scene now became one of intense anxiety. Shortly, all in the inn were roused, and a confusion of voices arose on all hands. Gomez and his lieutenant uttered shouts of rage ; and their appeals were answered by their companions, as they exerted themselves to break the doors of their prison. The Marquis, Pepita, and the servants shouted likewise, in every tone which they could assume, threatening with death the first who should offer himself to their aim, and affecting to present a force far beyond their actual number. But the door of the room which confined the troop was now beginning to tremble before their efforts. They had found some heavy logs of wood, which served as a kind of battering-rams ; while others hacked at the door with their swords. Gomez and his companion were also very busy after their example, and exerted every means in their power to effect their deliverance. But we must leave the *posada* and its inhabitants for a moment, in this posture of affairs, to follow the track of Don Cæsar.

This young man, one of the most brilliant among the cavaliers of Mexico, although skilful in the management of a well-trained steed, was but little accustomed to the government of a mule ; and the one on which he was now unhappily mounted was the most obstinate of its kind. In vain did he apply the argument of gentle terms, and equally in vain that of the spur ;—nothing could prevail upon the cursed beast to hasten its pace, or lose the remembrance of the friends it had left behind in the stable. He was in despair at the slowness of his progress, and overwhelmed with the most sinister presages. What would become of his friends—above all, of his betrothed, the pretty Donna Francisca—if the brigands should escape from their confinement before his return ? He trembled for the consequences. The day began to break before he could gain the environs of Acayete ; but what was his joy when his ears were assailed by the bells of a *conducta*, that is, one of those numerous caravans of mules, employed for the service of government to transport gold and silver pieces from Mexico to the coast, and which are always escorted by a large troop of soldiers. Don Cæsar presented himself immediately before the commanding officer, and told his story in a few words, and implored assistance. The officer, to whom he was known, drew his soldiers together, and leaving a few behind, for the safety of the caravan, mounted Don Cæsar on a horse, and set off with him towards the hills with all the rapidity that the wild road would permit. Their expedition was not a little increased by the hope of capturing Gomez, on whose head a price was set, and who had hitherto baffled all the schemes which had been laid to surprise him.

During this time affairs at the *posada* had reached their most critical point. The robbers had succeeded in shattering the door of their prison so far that it was scarcely held by its hinges. Having ascertained the small number of those against whom they had to contend, and with the view of securing for themselves a less dangerous *sortie*, they had begun to fire through holes which they had made in the door, upon the Marquis and his servants. Gomez and his lieutenant had likewise taken the same course ; and there was every prospect that the brigands would overcome all the obstacles which had opposed their liberation, when Pepita, armed



with a pistol, and concealed behind a pillar in the court, took successful aim at the head of a brigand, which showed through the opening. This incident had the result of daunting the brigands. It was evident that one of their leaders was struck, and a deep silence succeeded his fall; nor was it till after a considerable interval that their exertion recommenced. Convinced, however, that they had no time to lose, they once more returned to the attack. The door was on the point of yielding to their blows, and the Marquis and his family had determined to abandon the place, and fly towards the road, in the hope of meeting the expected succour—Pepita had discharged her last pistol, when they caught the sound of the galloping horses on the road from Acayete. Their deliverance was now sure. The noise of horses and arms resounded soon in front of the *posada*; and before Don Cæsar had embraced his future family, the soldiers had made themselves unresisted masters of the band of robbers.

But it remained to secure the persons of Gomez and his lieutenant. From the rash and desperate character of the man it was not supposed that he would allow himself to be taken without resistance. A council was therefore held, to deliberate on the means which should be employed to get possession of his person, without risking lives of greater value than his own in the capture. It was proposed by some to force the door, and enter in a body, while others desired first to try the effect of a parley. This latter advice was followed—it being wished, above all things, to deliver him into the hands of the Mexican authorities;—but, upon drawing aside the outer bolts, it was found that the door was fastened within.

‘Open the door to the Lieutenant of the Republic,’ cried the commanding officer.

No answer.

‘If you resist another moment you are a dead man,’ said the Marquis.

Still the same silence.

‘By the Madona of Guadaloupe! by the Holy Virgin!’ cried Don Cæsar impetuously, ‘you shall receive no quarter, unless you at once come forth.’

Not a sound was heard in reply.

At this moment the discharge of a pistol resounded from the interior. It was followed by the faint cry of a woman, which seemed to issue from the apartments where the family of the Marquis had passed the night. All hastened in an instant in that direction; and in her closet they found the intrepid Pepita stretched on the ground, and bathed in her own blood. But when they approached her she had strength to point with her finger to the little window. The commanding officer raised his eyes, and perceived there Gomez and his lieutenant, the former armed with a sword, and the latter in the act of re-loading his pistol. In an instant he fired on the lieutenant, who fell; and regaining the corridor with his soldiers the door of the chamber was at once forced. Gomez fought with savage desperation, but was at length secured.

All eyes were now turned towards the intrepid Pepita; and they learned from herself the cause of the event which had so nearly proved fatal to her. She had, by showing herself at the little window, intended to convince the bandits that their retreat was on all sides cut off, and that all further resistance on their parts would be useless; when the enraged



Gomez had immediately fired at her. Luckily her wound was slight, though it had bled profusely; nor was it long before she was able to resume her service near the person of her mistress.

The journey of the Marquis to Saint-Jean-d'Ulloa was postponed to a future time, and the family returned to Mexico. The reward offered for the apprehension of Gomez was unanimously adjudged to Pepita, who became the object of universal interest. Her intrepidity had so strongly excited the imagination of the young officer commanding the guard, that she became his bride before the close of the year; and the Marquis, considering her as the saviour of his family, secured to her a considerable pension during her life.

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### THE STOLEN KISS, OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATRIMONY.

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THE following anecdote is related of a highly respectable and talented clergyman, of Lynn, Massachusetts. It appears that this clergyman had been settled for some time, and had got pretty well along in years, when he became conscious that, in reference to worldly matters, there yet remained one thing needful to give him that weight of character which it was desirable he should possess, viz. a help-mate. Immediately on the conception of this idea he began anxiously to look about; but having neglected the important duty so long, as might have been expected he had imbibed many of those strange and unaccountable notions so peculiar to the single blessed of either sex, after they have attained a certain age; and these operated to his disadvantage in such wise that he found it extremely difficult to select one at whose side he thought he could, without any "fearful forebodings," stand before the altar of Hymen.

Now it became known to the damsels round about here, that Mr. — was thus circumstanced, and many there were who would fain have relieved his embarrassment. Some joined his church, and many more were seen to blush like the first rose of summer; if, in the progress of his dispensations from the pulpit, he should drop his eye towards the pew in which they were seated, though of course they dared not acknowledge even to themselves any thing in particular, because of the great doubt relative to the vice versa of the case.

But to make a short story shorter:—Travelling into town about dusk, parson — had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who, among other worldly possessions, had two or three of as fine daughters as ever graced the county of Essex. He had scarce knocked at the door when it was hastily opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as thought threw her arms round his neck, and before he had time to say "O don't!" brought her warm delicate lips to his cheek, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain desired. In utter astonishment the worthy divine was endeavouring to stammer out something—when "O, mercy, mercy! Mr. —, is this you?" exclaimed the damsel, "why I thought as much as could be it was my brother Henry." "Pshaw—Pshaw!" thought the celebate, "you didn't think

any such thing." But taking her hand he said, in a forgiving tone, "There is no harm done; don't give yourself any uneasiness—though you ought to be a little more careful." After this gentle reproof he was ushered into the parlour by the maiden, who, as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed on her cheek—and the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom (for all this happened in summer) shook like a flower-garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes, on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm-hearted pastor plodded his way homeward, he argued with himself in this wise: "If Miss —— knew it to be me who knocked at the door, and I verily believe she did, else how should she know me in the dark, before entering? she must—and is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? She must be desperately in—pshaw! pshaw!—But supposing she did think me to be her brother?—why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how must she love a husband?—for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life!"

We have only to add, it was not long after this that Mr. —— had occasion to summon a brother in the ministry to the performance of one of the most solemn as well as pleasant duties attached to the sacred office, and that the lovely Miss —— above spoken of thereupon became Mrs. ——.

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## THE MOSS-ROSE.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

THE angel of the flowers, one day,  
 Beneath a Rose-tree sleeping lay;  
 That spirit to whose charge was given  
 To bathe young buds in dews from heaven.  
 Awakening from his light repose,  
 The angel whispered to the rose,  
 "O, fondest object of my care,  
 Still fairest found where all are fair,  
 For the sweet shade thou'st given to me,  
 Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee!"  
 "Then," said the Rose, with deepen'd glow,  
 "On me another grace bestow."  
 The spirit paused, in silent thought:  
 What grace was there that flower had not?  
 'Twas but a moment—o'er the Rose  
 A veil of *Moss* the Angel throws;  
 And, rob'd in Nature's simplest weed,  
 Can there a flower that Rose exceed?

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## THE TRADES UNIONS.

It has become part of the political creed of the majority of the working men in Great Britain, that, at the present time, their hours of labour are one-third longer than they ever before were in this country; and, at the same time, that their earnings are one-third less than they ever have been at any former period. This is the settled belief of nearly all of the working classes. But a portion of them state their position to be much worse; and go so far as to say, that their pay has decreased in the proportion of two-thirds instead of one.

When the French people became dissatisfied with their political condition, previous to their first Revolution, they were powerless as free agents; they were only fit to be used as instruments by those who, in education, were their superiors; and the men into whose hands they fell were, unfortunately for France, dreaming schemers, who precipitated the nation into a ridiculous search after universal equality, with the fallacy, so captivating to the unthinking, ever on their lips, that all men are naturally equal; and setting at nought that consequent part of their faith, that all men have *equal rights*, they easily cheated the nation out of the benefits of a Revolution. When the working people of this country were comparatively destitute of reading, their natural common sense always protected them from the error, so ruinous to the French, founded on a belief that all men may be equal; and now, when the artisans are not only naturally reasonable creatures, but have something like a correct understanding of the politics of our government, we need not be surprised to find them prepared to act in a way precisely the opposite to what the doctrines of the French Revolutionists would dictate.—They know, that although men are naturally unequal, the whole scheme and object of the laws by which they in particular are affected, is, to make them more unequal. With these facts uppermost in their minds, they have been necessarily thrown upon their own resources for expedients to improve their condition. The "*Trades Unions*" have arisen out of this state of things. Their founders are the declared enemies of the political economists; yet they have adopted, to a considerable extent, the ground-work of the arguments of the economists. They have adopted from the economists, the terms *labour*, *capital*, and *profit*; and with the aid of these words, they simplify their system, and give conciseness to their arguments. Like the economists, they view politics as a question of pounds, shillings, and pence; and the objects of the Union are thus stated by the leaders to the great body of the Unionists: "Labour is wealth; profit is a fraud effected in the converting of labour into wealth." And it is this thing profit which they declare it is their object to put an end to. Here is a system made, and a definite object to be effected. This is stated to be the cause in which the Unionists are enlisted; but from their writings and their manner of talking, it is evident that the leaders have, if not more important, at the least more practical objects in view. Their intention is to take the government of the country entirely into their own hands. The view which they take of our present political situation, is something like this: both Houses of Parliament, they say, have been most actively engaged in doing whatever they could to bring down the old fabric of society; and they

have succeeded so well, that none of the political parties can much longer support it. Were the producing classes not prepared with effective conservative measures, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, would soon be in inextricable confusion. The producing classes, viewing matters in this light, state their object to be to take their own affairs into their own hands; and by taking their own affairs they are perfectly aware that they cannot avoid at the same time taking the affairs of the non-producers, also, into their own hands; the management of which latter will depend on the practical arrangements which the producers may determine to adopt. These are no trivial objects to have in view, namely, to reverse the state machine so far that the producer may govern the capitalist, and to make the capitalist minister to the wants and pleasures of the producers, instead of the producers to the capitalists! In this state of things, and with a body of men in the community holding these doctrines, it becomes a matter of serious consideration for both the government and the public to ascertain their probable result if the course marked out be followed up. There have been Trades Unions in existence for some length of time; many of them rich, and partaking of the nature of benefit societies. But the Trades Union which is now attracting so much attention is a thing of very recent origin, arising in some degree out of the Political Unions. But the former being dissatisfied with the conduct of the latter, and looking upon them as the creature of the middle classes, they have followed the steps of the working classes in France, who soon came to view the *Girondists* as a class who aimed at monopolizing all the benefits of the Revolution, and keeping the working class in the same state in which they found them. The English producers have thus formed the Trades Union to enable them to effect, by their own influence, their own bettering. The energies of the leaders in this movement are at present directed in the endeavour to secure the co-operation of the older established Unions; and in these societies there are many men who still view with suspicion the object of this new general Union, and demur to their mode of proceeding.

The inducements which are held out to these old Unions, and to the Trades who have not yet formed themselves into a Union, is, that they are to be governed by their own by-laws, suitable to local and other circumstances, and alterable as necessity may require; but that they shall all be in unison with the laws of the general Union.

It is not only important to ascertain whether these Unions can accomplish their ultimate purpose, but it is a question of great moment how far they can at all succeed in their enterprise. The general Congress of the Union has already twice assembled, once at Birmingham, and once in London; and it is said that another meeting is to be convened early in 1834, at Barnsley, with the design of a general strike throughout the whole country. The Union does not yet appear, however, to be sufficiently organized to effect this. The printers and the tailors, and some other trades of importance in the community, have not attached themselves to the combination. But, with the unstamped penny newspapers devoted to their interest, six issuing from the London press alone, and having an immense circulation, the Unionists calculate on making their union complete, these penny papers enabling them to communicate with each other in every part of the kingdom. It is in vain to call upon



the government to put a stop to these proceedings, if these men could live without working. The severe combination-laws, now no longer in existence, could hardly interfere with them, so long as they kept the peace; a strike would be no insurrection; no law could compel such vast numbers to work against their will; and if they could simultaneously abstain from working for one week, or even one day, the consequences would be, not a want of goods for the market; but credit would be instantly destroyed, all promises of payment would fail, the capitalists would be ruined, the revenue, tithes, and rent would all go by the board; the whole system of government would be abolished.

Such a conspiracy would at once break the chain that holds society together. The Unionists, we are told, look forward to this crisis as the beginning of the end, hoping to be enabled to purchase, at a depreciated price, the mills, factories, mines, and fields of their present employers; and thus, ultimately, to convert their own labour into wealth for their own enjoyment.

Such is the prospect to which some of the reports afloat direct our eyes at this moment. We are not, however, sufficiently acquainted with the actual condition of the Unionists, and with the real designs of the majority of them, to judge, even for ourselves, whether such a prospect to the full extent be existent or only imaginary. If such is the state of things, as some assert to be the case, the foreground of the picture is indeed of a threatening shape and hue, whatever there be to look to for relief in the farther off and less discernible objects it presents. If this is to be the beginning of the end, the end is to be begun by anarchy; and to say the best of the whole field opened before us, it would be one just suited to another OLIVER CROMWELL. Much must depend on the condition of the manufacturers and artisans, a condition in which there has of late years been a great mixture of riches and poverty, luxury and destitution, and which condition is subject to constant fluctuations from one of these extremes to the other. Men accustomed to labour for their livelihood, and in possession of a competence to live on, seldom trouble themselves with politics. If the journeymen spinners, shoemakers, weavers, tailors, and the rest, have only as much as they want for their present maintenance, the very spirit of improvidence which now pervades this country is enough of itself to prevent their thinking too much about new methods of managing public affairs. But the accounts of their condition at this time are contradictory; according to some they are as well off as ever they have been for some years; according to others, they are ground down to the last. One need be along with these men and their masters, see them at work, see them being paid their wages, see them holding the meetings of their Unions, and hear all they say, to be able to judge with any accuracy as to what they think and what they would be doing.

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*Sketches of Turkey in 1831 and 1832.* By AN AMERICAN. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 527. New York, 1833.

HAVING but lately received this volume, we have not had time to read the whole of it. It contains a great deal of information, conveyed in a style agreeable and unaffected. The writer's prefatory remarks, which are very short, are the best that he could make for his reader, being intended simply to notify which side of the question, for or against the Turks, he has thought proper to take :—

“ ‘ As soon as ever you perceive in the streets of Constantinople any persons making towards you in a waistcoat and drawers, bare-legged, with only pumps on and a poniard in their hands, you must unsheath your sword. Some indeed take the precaution to carry it naked under their coat.’ Thus writes one of the most intelligent travellers in the East; and similar remarks have been so frequently repeated as to produce the common impression that Turkey is far beyond the pale of civilization. Such in fact were my own views until a residence of nearly a year in that country enabled me to estimate at their proper value the representations of ignorant or prejudiced travellers. In the following pages I have attempted to preserve a record of my own impressions, without reference to the descriptions of many preceding tourists, who seem to have taken a marvellous pleasure in exaggerating the vices and suppressing the good points of the Turkish character. It will be found that in my estimate of the Turks I coincide with a reverend traveller, who asserts that ‘ *There are no people without the pale of Christianity who are better disposed towards its most essential precepts.*’ ”

Perhaps the greatest fault in this book is that which appears on first sight, that its title-page does not announce the name of the author. This deprives it of a good deal of interest which it otherwise would have. Such must be the case with all the works of anonymous yet book-making travellers. Were it a poem or a romance of the highest order—something to create admiration for wondrous authorship—both the reader's and the writer's delight might be made greater by the secret. But as our AMERICAN's production is mostly matter of fact, we cannot think why he should withhold that, the want of which can only tend to lessen the value of the book. In other respects this work is very much to our taste. The author has his opinions to state, and indulges in his own speculations like most others. But he does not do this tediously, nor out of place; and his work, while it displays great general knowledge, abounds with descriptions on subjects the most interesting to those who would be made acquainted with the country he has visited.

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most entertaining books of travels that we have ever seen. We give the following extracts by way of specimen.

*Visit to an English Man-of-War.*—"The English frigate *Acteon*, commanded by one of the numerous office-holding family of Lord Grey, is now anchored in the Bosphorus, opposite Buyukdery. As she is one of a new class of vessels, and has all the most recent improvements in naval architecture, we were naturally desirous of paying her a visit. Upon coming alongside we were refused permission to see the ship, and were obliged to content ourselves with an inspection of her exterior. It struck us as rather whimsical that the only two places in Turkey hitherto inaccessible to us should be the seraglio and an English man-of-war. The *Acteon* is a twenty-eight-gun vessel, mounting 35 guns, and belongs to that class of vessels in the British service popularly known as jackass frigates; a description of ships which, according to many naval authorities, combined all the defects of the frigate and the sloop-of-war. The name is believed to have been conferred in compliment to the illustrious projector. Her outside planking is rather peculiar, and is put on in what is technically called anchor-stock fashion. She appeared to be quite as full-built as one of our newest corvettes, is doubtless a stout sea-boat, and, with the exception of speed, is well calculated for the purposes of war."

*Character of the Greeks.*—"It is difficult to speak with impartiality of the Protean character of the modern Greek: indeed, so opposite have been the judgments formed of their character, that two sects have arisen among travellers, to which have been applied the names of Mishellenists and Philhellenists. The former class embraces, according to the Rev. Rufus Anderson, traders, naval officers, merchant-captains and supercargoes, disappointed enthusiasts, and travellers who wish to show themselves exempt from the weakness of classical enthusiasm. This is a pretty copious list, and comprises, one would imagine, almost all sorts of persons from whom any information could possibly be derived. I have never seen any attempt to classify the Philhellenists: but they may be said to comprise raving enthusiasts, who are ready to explode at the name of liberty; adventurers, tired of the dull pursuits of civil life, or desirous of earning bread and renown by cutting the throats of Turks; dull, heavy spirits, who are fearful of quitting the beaten track of panegyric, who, cuckoo-like, repeat the catch-words of Grecian glory, Grecian heroism, Grecian eloquence, the divine art, &c. &c., and fancy raptures which they never knew. To these may be added well-meaning young clergymen, just out of college, who stare, and wonder to hear Greek spoken 'even by little boys,' and imagine that they see, in the bigoted and ignorant canaille around them, the legitimate descendants of Miltiades and Pericles. This latter class do not seem to recollect that the only spot in the Morea where their benevolent objects can be carried into effect, is under the cannon and protection of the infidel Turk. They well know, or at least ought to know, that if Greece was independent of all foreign control at this moment, not a single foreign missionary from Protestant England or America would be allowed to remain in the country. Our school-boy raptures for the heroism and the public spirit, not only of the Greeks, but of the Romans, would perhaps evaporate, if some historian



should arise who would render a faithful account of their mingled ferocity and cowardice, of their unvarying duplicity towards friend and foe, of their profligacy, their total want of delicacy, and of their system of a religion which was at once monstrous and contemptible. The systematic libellers of every nation with which they came in contact, they have, by the incidental influence of letters alone, been enabled to transmit themselves to posterity as nations worthy of immortal honours. It is time that this cant of referring all excellence to Greeks and Romans was at an end. Modern nations, under the benign and humanizing influence of Christianity, can exhibit more instances of private devotion, of public spirit, of heroism, and every excellence in arts and arms, than can be assembled together from all the boastful and lying annals of Greece and Rome. To whom are we to look for an impartial estimate of the Greek character? Shall we refer to the "*Greca fide*" of PLAUTUS, which meant *ready money*,—for the word of a Greek could not be taken; or to CICERO, who states that they never made any conscience of observing their oaths (*Orat. pro Flacc.*)? But these were foreigners and rivals, and hence their testimony was suspicious. Hear, then, the opinion of one of their own countrymen, EURIPIDES: "Greece never had the least spark of honesty;" and POLYBIUS is even stronger in his expressions. Even the assertions of avowed Philhellenists confirm the reputation which they have acquired during more than twenty centuries. The reverend gentleman already alluded to, who has attempted their defence, acknowledges their lamentable disregard of truth; and BYRON, one of the most enthusiastic in their cause, and who died in Greece, a martyr to his own egregious vanity, says, "I am of St. Paul's opinion, that there is no difference between Jews and Greeks,—the character of both being equally vile." Even the character which the modern Greeks give themselves, although intended to display their various accomplishments, is silent as to the qualities of their heads or hearts."

*Humanity towards animals*.—"It is probable that the story of the cat-hospital originated in the known humanity exercised by the Turks towards all the brute creation. We have already alluded to the myriads of seagulls and other aquatic birds which cover the Bosphorus, so tame and fearless that they will scarcely move out of the way of an oar. Even the most prejudiced Frank will admit, while he scoffs at this ultra-humane feeling, that the storks are capable of distinguishing the Turk from the Greek or Jew; for they unhesitatingly build their nests upon the houses of the former, while they cautiously avoid approaching the dwellings of the latter."

*Largest ship in the world*.—"The *Mahmoud* is chiefly remarkable for being the largest ship in the world, and is built upon the French model. We were fortunate in visiting her in company with the chief naval constructor of the empire, who pointed out such parts as seemed particularly worthy of notice. Although no sailor, we could not fail to notice some particulars in her construction and arrangement in which she differs from our vessels. The berth and spar-decks had no knees; and the beams, which were six feet apart, had no carlins between them. Instead of hammocks, there were a number of little raised platforms on the berth-decks for the men to lie down upon; and between these and the sides of the vessel were small lockers to contain the clothes of the men. \* \* \*



Through the politeness of the chief we were furnished with her dimensions, which were afterwards verified by one of our friends in English feet and inches :—

	Ft.	In.
Length of the lower gun-deck ..	223	0
Extreme breadth .....	61	8
Depth from the base-line .....	30	0
Height of berth-deck .....	7	9
lower deck .....	8	0
second deck .....	7	6
third deck .....	7	6
upper deck .....	7	0
Length of main-mast .....	139	0
Diameter of ditto .....	4	0
Draft forward .....	26	11
aft .....	27	9
Burden 3934 tons.		

She is planked inside and out with soft pine, and the workmanship is very rough, although her model is good. She is pierced for 140 guns, which are to be 42's, 32's, and 18's, with 60 lb. carronades. It is to this vessel that the author of Anastasius alludes, when he says, 'The capital prepares to launch a three-decker so prodigious that none of our seas will have room enough to work her;' and she is in fact the largest ship in the world, not even excepting our Pennsylvania ship of the line. Immense sums have been idly expended on each of these marine monsters, which can serve no other purpose than to make a national raree-show."

*Opium bazaar.*—"We one day visited the celebrated spot which has figured so largely in the description of travellers as the opium bazaar. It is known under the name of the *Teerakee charrselsheli*. It consists of a range of low coffee-shops, looking upon an open desolate spot, bounded by the walls of the mosque of Sulieman. In front of each spot, according to the usual custom in Turkey, where there is space sufficient, there were small raised platforms, upon which the true believer may enjoy his pipe *al fresco*, and relieve the monotony of his meditations by noting the passers by. After walking through them several times, we could not, among all the customers, detect one who appeared to be under the influence of opium. We took our seats in one which was the best filled, and appeared to be the most fashionable place of resort; and, after discussing the usual pipe and coffee, requested the coffee-shop keeper to furnish us with the customary potion for which the place was celebrated. The man informed us, that although the place had once been famous for opium-eaters, and some of the shops still vended the drug, yet the practice had become disreputable, and was now quite rarely followed. He would supply us with a dose from the neighbouring shops, if we insisted upon it; but at the same time, for the reputation of his establishment, he should insist upon our quitting his shop as soon as we had taken it. One of the old Turks inquired who sent us there; and when we mentioned our sources of information, laughed at our beads, and wondered how we could be imposed upon by books of lying Frank travellers. We afterwards repeated our visits frequently to this place, with the same result; so that we were compelled at last to believe, that though opium is still occasionally used,

yet that, if in reality the practice ever existed, it has ceased to be a national vice; that the race of opium-eaters has disappeared, and with them one of the greatest marvels of Stamboul. It would be an interesting subject of inquiry to ascertain how far this practice is carried with us. The quantity consumed in our country (America) is very great, and far exceeds the amount required for medical purposes. A respectable medical practitioner, in one of our inland villages, assured me that he could mention more than twenty individuals who used opium daily. They were all females. Let our Temperance Societies investigate this matter."

*Habits of the Sultan.*—"We were sitting this evening in the court of our palace, inhaling the perfume of the orange and myrtle around us, and watching the progress of the full-orbed moon as she threw her rays over the gently-roughened waves of the Bosphorus, when the regular plunge of many oars announced the approach of a barge belonging to some personage of distinction, \* \* \*. The exclamation arose, in various tongues 'The Sultan is coming.' \* \* \*. As the gay cortège approached, the imperial caik suddenly diverged from its course, and steered directly for the court in which our party were assembled. For a moment we imagined that we were to be honoured by a royal visit—a circumstance of no unusual occurrence—and great was the consequent bustle and flutter among the ladies of our party at the idea of such an unexpected honour. The imperial barge approached so near that we could easily discern the person of the Sultan, half-reclined upon a sumptuous cushion; although the indistinctness of the moonlight prevented us from examining his features. As he approached, a slight movement of the helm sent the caik almost grazing the marble steps of our court, and his Majesty surveyed us, or, perhaps I should rather say, the ladies of our party, with apparently as much earnestness as we endeavoured to trace the features of the absolute monarch of so many millions of human beings. The procession passed on, sweeping along the crowded quay of of Buyukdery; and the last seen of it was near Therapia, where for two or three weeks past the Sultan has taken up his residence. In these excursions it is always understood that he is incognito, and it would be considered a great breach of decorum to recognise him by look or gesture. During the warm months he resides at different times in the various palaces which are situated on the Bosphorus, and frequently spends his evenings in aquatic excursions like the one we have just noticed. His habits are described as of the simplest kind, and his amusements consist chiefly in riding, fishing, and exercising with the bow. He is said to be the most graceful and fearless rider in his dominions—an accomplishment which may fairly be weighed against those of some of his brother potentates, who are at the head of all the civilization of Europe; one of whom has been known to kill a wild boar, when securely tied up, at the distance of twenty paces [*Charles X. of France.—Ed.*], and the chief merit of another, as awarded to him by his subjects, consisted in making the most perfectly graceful bow of any man in his kingdom [*George IV.—Ed.*].—Like all his subjects, the Sultan is extremely temperate in eating, and his establishment is far from being on that expensive and magnificent scale which we are accustomed to attribute to oriental courts. I have been assured by an officer of his household, that the expenses of his table rarely exceed ten piastres, or about fifty cents (*two shillings and three*

*Cobbett's Mag.*—No. 12.

pence English); and from various anecdotes which I have elsewhere heard I should not be disposed to believe that his annual expenses exceed those of the President of the United States."

*The Armenians.*—"The Armenians form no inconsiderable part, and by far the most respectable portion, of the Christian population of the East. Their closely-shorn heads, their immense balloon hats, flowing robes, and solemn air, impress a stranger at first sight very disagreeably, but this wears off upon further acquaintance. Strange as it may appear to those who only know them under their present aspect, which is that of a patient, money-getting, prudent, and timid race, they were formerly a brave and warlike people. Originally inhabiting Armenia, they bravely and desperately contended with the Persians in many a bloody field, but were finally subdued, and their martial propensities so thoroughly quenched, that we hear nothing of them for many succeeding generations except as a great and flourishing agricultural people. They had so completely abandoned the sword for the ploughshare, that, like our own Quakers, they submitted to insult and injury rather than attempt even a show of resistance. As skilful and patient cultivators of the soil, their labours were blessed by plentiful harvests, which but too often they were not permitted to reap. In the wars between Persia and Turkey their now rich and fertile country became a convenient granary, from whence the Turkish armies derived supplies when they made their inroads. At length Shah Abbas the Great determined from motives of state policy to lay waste the whole country, and remove the peaceable and unresisting inhabitants into the interior of his own empire. By this decisive but cruel measure he prevented the encampment of the Turkish armies on the frontiers of his dominions, at the expense, however, of the lives of thousands of an inoffensive race. Its effects were nevertheless advantageous to his country, for by incorporating such a patient and laborious people among his own subjects, he gave a new spirit of activity and industry, which greatly increased the wealth and resources of his empire."

*Agriculture.*—"The immediate environs of Constantinople are far from being under even a tolerable state of cultivation. The existence of the Janissaries of course prevented the soil in the vicinity of the city from being cultivated, as no man could be sure of his crop; but at present the case is altered, and more attention is paid to this subject. The soil is excellent, and without the least attention to manuring yields abundant crops. Agriculture is, however, in a very languishing condition throughout Turkey; and those lands which are held in vakoof, or mortgaged to the church, are the most highly cultivated. The general system of cultivation is exceedingly slovenly, as may be shown by the ordinary plough in use, which is of the rudest kind" (Here the author gives a sketch, which nearly confirms what we have heard, that the ploughing is done by an ass drawing a crooked stick.) \* \* \* "With grafting and forcing, and all operations connected with horticulture, the Turks appear to be well acquainted; although in the most delightful branch of all, landscape gardening, they have made scarcely more progress than ourselves. Their love of inaction, when not stimulated by the fiercer passions of our nature, leads them to pass entire hours in one spot; and hence winding alleys, and gravel walks, and terraces, inviting to a promenade, not being required, are scarcely ever seen in Turkey. And yet there are scarcely

any people to whom they yield in their passionate attachment to flowers. These are employed as tokens of friendship and of love, as a medium of complimentary intercourse between patron and dependent, and form the last sad token of grief over the grave of a departed friend. The Padir Shah distributes both flowers and fruits to all his grandees and to foreign ministers, with such an unsparing hand that two officers of the seraglio are specially charged, one with the superintendence of fruits and the other of flowers. \* \* \* The favourite flowers among the Turks are, the tulip, the rose, and the oleander."

*Cooking and Eating.*—"We were induced by curiosity to enter a Turkish eating-house. The chief article of food is pilaff, or boiled rice and mutton, which is much finer flavoured than any I ever tasted in America. Ascending a high platform we crossed our legs with becoming gravity, and had the pleasure of seeing our dinner cooked before our eyes. The mutton is cut up into small pieces of the size of a quarter of a dollar. A spit, not much larger than a darning needle, is thrust through a dozen of these bits, and when the required number is prepared the spits are placed over a charcoal fire. They are roasted in this way very expeditiously. A soft blackish cake of rye, previously browned, is placed upon a large tinned plate of copper; melted grease, with finely-chopped herbs, is poured over the cake, and the miniature mutton-chops, or *kebaubs*, are scraped off upon the copper; over the whole is poured a quantity of sour milk; and the dish is then prepared for eating. It was placed upon a small stool, about six inches high, before us; and as knives or forks were, of course, out of the question, we ate with our fingers, after the fashion of the ancient Romans. We found the *kebaub* to be a most savoury dish. Water was afterwards presented, with towels and soap, to wash our hands and beards; and a large goblet of clear iced water concluded the repast."

*Condition of Women in Turkey.*—"In Constantinople, and the same may be said of all Turkey, the women occupy the markets, fill the streets, and barricade the bazaars. Availing themselves of the general respect paid to their sex, they elbow their way through a crowd, regardless of whom they may derange in their way; and the domestics do not even scruple to act upon the principle of 'peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.' It had more than once been our lot, in a crowded bazaar, to receive a substantial punch in the side, and, upon turning round, discover that the uncourteous salutation proceeded from the fair hand of some Turkish servant woman, whose path we had unconsciously impeded. They never address a stranger, or even reply to a casual observation. In perambulating the bazaars with two American children, I have been, however, frequently accosted by Turkish women, and their inquiries and observations were made with most perfect freedom and simplicity. These facts are mentioned to show the unrestrained liberty enjoyed by the Turkish women; and we are assured by persons, whose long residence and perfect familiarity with many Turkish families here entitle them to full credit, that the class of discreet and sensible husbands maliciously termed hen-pecked is as numerous in Turkey as in any other part of the globe. But while we thus expose the misrepresentations concerning the imprisonment and degraded condition of the women, it is equally due to candour and truth to state, that we cannot subscribe to the great personal



beauty which is commonly attributed to them. It is true that we see them partially disguised and enveloped in a dress which, according to our ideas of taste, would convert a Venus into a downright dowdy. Their yashmaks conceal their foreheads and mouths, but, among the many revolutions going on, it may be reasonably expected that this will ere long disappear. Already is it becoming curtailed in its extent, more particularly with the young and good-looking, and we have frequently noticed it dropped altogether. Their eyes are usually dark, their complexion fair, and often with a tinge of sallowness, and a want of animation, or rather a listless languid air, appeared to be uniform. Several Americans here have fancied a strong resemblance between them and our own dear countrywomen; but after what has been said respecting them, it might be indiscreet to offer any opinion. We may, however, be permitted to mention a few particulars in which the Turkish women differ from our own. The out-door head-dress of all classes consists of a white handkerchief, covering the head and part of the face; hence they are totally free from all anxiety about the choice of a spring or fall bonnet. A plain cloth cloak, or fridjee, covers the whole person, and of course leaves no scope for extravagance in silk or merino dresses, to be rejected at the end of the month as vulgar, because their dear friends have already the same pattern. Instead of gloves and stockings, they stain their fingers and toes with khennah, and of course no inconsiderable item of expense is avoided. They give no grand entertainments, where ostentation and display are substituted for friendly intercourse, and, as theatres, balls, and routs, are alike unknown, they usually contrive to reach a healthy old age."

*The Plague.*—"This morning our Greek servant Demetri came into the room, and exclaimed, in accents of horror, 'Voilà, Monsieur, deux *accidens* de plus!' We have, indeed, had rumours of plague and cholera in the place for several days, but from the timid and gossiping character of the village, I considered them as unworthy of attention. Our worthy princess has been the image of despair; and a lamp, which is kept burning night and day before a paltry daub of the Virgin Mary, attests the sincerity of her fears. The indifference with which I treated her dolorous stories of plague had at first lowered me in her estimation, and she had expressed an opinion that I was worse than a Turk; but when I gravely recommended her to redouble her applications to the Panagia, and that she might then bid defiance to plague and cholera, she observed with great simplicity, that I was not more than half a heretic after all. To-day, however, we have undoubted evidence of the existence of plague. A house next to me is shut up, and the Franks who are obliged to pass it, cross over cautiously to the other side of the street. Two persons have already died, and three others are said to be at the point of death. An Armenian physician, who is known here under the name of the plague doctor, and is in the service of government, has made an official visit, and his declaration that it is plague in its worst form, leaves no room for scepticism. From my window, this day, I noticed a man in the street struggling between two others, who were endeavouring to drag him along. In this they were assisted by a Turkish officer of police, who quickened his pace by the occasional application of a horsewhip over his head and shoulders. It was one of the persons



who had been employed in burying the plague corpses; and in consequence of his services on that occasion, they were thus unceremoniously thrusting him out of the village. This reminds me of a similar circumstance which occurred at Kadikeui, when the plague broke out there a few weeks ago. The persons attacked were forcibly removed out of the village into the adjoining fields, the house was carefully fumigated and drenched with water, and all the contagious or infectible articles of furniture or dress were destroyed by fire. When this operation had been performed, the persons employed in it were driven pell-mell into the sea, and there compelled to remain until it was supposed that they were sufficiently purified. But in sober seriousness, it is scarcely possible to conceive a more appalling visitation than that of the epidemic plague. Other diseases, however severe and malignant, such as yellow-fever, or however hopeless, may receive some alleviation from the skill of physicians, the attention and sympathy of friends, and the consolations of religion afforded by ministers of the gospel; but with this loathsome disease, the poor wretch, whatever may be his rank or station in life, is instantly deserted by his medical attendants, and by his nearest and dearest relatives. In the eloquent language of my friend Dr. Walsh, the ravages of this distemper have been so great that it is looked upon with the same helpless terror as in the darkest ages of ignorance and superstition. When any person is seized with it, he is immediately abandoned to his fate. No medical man will dare approach him, on pain of being himself ruined; all rational mode of cure is neglected as useless, and the aid of medicine is given up in despair. That sympathy which our common nature yields to the sick is here denied. The sick of the plague is put out of the pale of pity, and only looked upon as some noxious being, to whom it ought to be not only allowable, but meritorious, to destroy; and so the disease proceeds, rending asunder the ties of families, extinguishing the common charities of life, eradicating the best feelings of our nature, till at length it has become one of the most dreadful moral as well as physical evils—at once the scourge and the scorn of humanity."

*Religion of the Turks.*—"It is unnecessary to allude to the *odium theologicum* to account for the unfairness and bitterness with which the Mohammedan religion has been treated by Christian Europe. When the Turks made their first appearance in Europe, it was in the character of a bold, sanguinary, and fanatical people, carrying death and devastation in their progress; and, whatever may have been their real object, their avowed intention was, to extend the religion of the crescent. Animated with this sentiment, they fought with a desperation bordering upon frenzy; and their opponents had no other resource than to encourage a similar excitement in favour of the cross. A blind fanatical fury on both sides rendered the struggle long and bloody; quarter was rarely asked or given, and if prisoners were occasionally preserved, they were reduced to slavery. The superior military skill of the Turks prevailed; and their adversaries, slowly and sullenly retiring before them, wasted in impotent libels that deadly animosity which they could no longer exhibit in the field. On the other hand, the character of the early Christians with whom they came in contact was not at all calculated to impress upon them a very exalted idea of their religion. It was upon the occasion of the crusades that their regions were suddenly

invaded by a horde of infuriated wretches from Europe; 'infamous in crime, and brutal in desire, a wicked and blood-thirsty multitude, whose absence was a blessing to the land they left.' Such, at least, is the character given of the first crusaders by one of their most eloquent apologists. [JAMES, *History of Chivalry and the Crusades*, p. 77.] A delusive halo of glory has been thrown around some of the chiefs of the subsequent crusades; but the impartial reader will be inclined to regard them all as so many ferocious beasts, from Boemond, who roasted Turks alive before a slow fire, and afterwards ate them [JAMES'S *History*, p. 139], to the cruel and fanatical St. Louis."

*Turkish prayer.*—"This Mohammed calls the pillar of religion and the keys of Paradise; and when a certain tribe, during his mission, sent in their adhesion to him, renouncing their idols, but begging a dispensation from prayer, he nobly and firmly answered, 'that there could be no good in that religion wherein there was no prayer.' According to the creed of the Mussulmans, this is to be performed five times every twenty-four hours: 1, in the morning, forty minutes before sunrise; 2, forty minutes after twelve at noon; 3, twenty minutes after four; 4 and 5, at any time between sunset and daybreak. These prayers are always silent, except upon great or solemn occasions in the mosques, when they are repeated aloud. At the appointed time they break off all business, and, regardless of place or person, kneel and prostrate themselves in silent prayer. One of my acquaintances, whose business leads him frequently in contact with officers of this government, assures me that he has frequently been shown into their offices, and found them engaged in prayer. They would be, perhaps, surrounded by numerous persons, waiting respectfully for the termination of their devotions. Those who are acquainted with the Turks will not accuse them of ostentation in these public demonstrations of piety. In prayer they have adopted the practice of the early Christians, who worshipped with their faces towards the east, or the rising sun; and make it a point to pray in their ordinary clothes. It is probable that, antecedent to the Christian era, attention to the points of the compass was esteemed a point of religion. They are, indeed, called upon to divest themselves of all sumptuous dress or decorations, if they happen to have any on. This appears to be a proper and reasonable regulation; but we are inclined to believe, that in our refined state of society such a provision would find but few advocates. Our churches, on Sunday, would not perhaps present such a gay spectacle; but a more devout and humble frame of mind would advantageously supply its place. Upon another point connected with prayer, the Turks, as we think, are entirely in the wrong, although supported by the authority of the early Christian fathers. We allude to the exclusion of women from the mosques during the hours assigned to prayer. According to the Koran, they are to perform their devotions at home, or in the mosques at hours when the men are not there. In several mosques and tekkays we have remarked that a portion is latticed off for the exclusive use of the women; and, for the same reason, the Jewish and Greek churches have a similar partition. This appears to have been a very ancient practice in the Christian church; for Cyril, writing 350 years after Christ, says 'that such was the arrangement in his church at Jerusalem.' The Mohammedans argue, but, as we apprehend, very inconclusively, that the presence of women during prayer is incompatible

with rigidly pure and pious worship, as it may inspire a different kind of devotion from that which is required in a place dedicated to the worship of the Deity. The pious SELDEN, although neither Mohammedan, Jew, nor Greek, is decidedly of the same opinion. *Ubicunque congregantur simul viri et feminae ibi mens non est intenta et devota, &c.*"

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### SONG.

O'er the clear quiet waters  
My gondola glides,  
And gently it wakens  
The slumbering tides.  
All nature is smiling,  
Beneath and above ;  
While earth and while heaven  
Are breathing of love !

In vain are they breathing,  
Earth, heaven, to me,  
Though their beauty and calmness  
Are whispers of thee :  
For the bright sky must darken,  
The earth must be gray,  
Ere the deep gloom that saddens  
My soul pass away.

But see, the last day-beam  
Grows pale ere it die ;  
And the dark clouds are passing  
All over the sky.  
I hear thy light footstep,  
Thy fair form I see ;  
Ah ! the twilight has told thee  
Who watches for thee.

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### HOW TO MULTIPLY A SHIRT !

As Bayes, whose cup with poverty was dashed,  
Lay snug in bed while his *one* shirt was washed,  
The dame appeared and holding it to view,  
Said, if 'tis washed again 'twill wash in two.  
" Indeed ! " cried Bayes, " then wash it, pray, good cousin,  
And wash it if you can into a *dozen*."

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## FANCIES FOR LUCY.

In summer time, one balmy day,  
 When scarce a breeze could curl the tide,  
 Three maids, in skiff both light and gay,  
 Were gliding on the wat'ry way,  
 And I was there, at Lucy's side.

And she, with hair of burnish'd gold,  
 And witching eye, of softest blue,  
 In sport, for me the helm would hold,  
 And teach me, like a seaman bold,  
 Our boat to guide the waters through.

She little thought, sweet girl, I fear,  
 With her bright glance and rosy smile,  
 And words so winning to my ear,  
 That all her lessons how to steer,  
 Alas! but chain'd my heart the while.

Those moments were the brightest dream  
 That e'er a fickle life has bless'd;  
 The cloudless sky—the sunny gleam—  
 Dear Lucy's voice—the placid stream,  
 Are still enshrin'd within my breast!

Full many a change I've met since then;  
 The dance I've known; I've quaff'd the wine,  
 And made a home with stranger men;  
 Yet every thought flies back again,  
 O Lucy! to that laugh of thine.

Dare, dare I hope the wreath of flowers,  
 Which love I feel hath twin'd round me,  
 In some gay, future festive hours,  
 When doubt nor fear upon me lowers,  
 May lend its charm, and circle thee?

Down life's wide stream, with sail and oar,  
 Our little skiff we then should ply;  
 Thy steering lessons o'er and o'er  
 I'd learn, as I have learn't before,  
 Till storms arose, and we should die.

W. L. H.